

# CASS CITY CHRONICLE.

TRI-COUNTY CHRONICLE, Established in 1899; Consolidated  
CASS CITY ENTERPRISE, Established in 1881 (April 30, 1906).

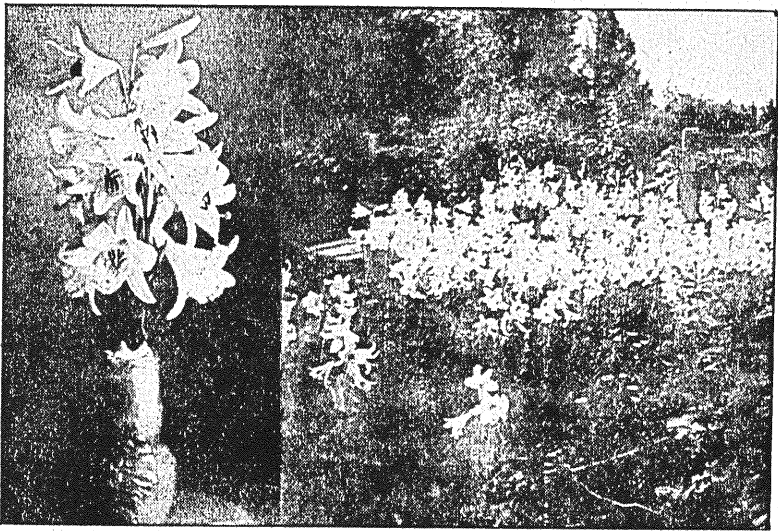
CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907.

Vol. 2, No. 18.

## Fall Goods Arriving Daily

## All Summer Goods at Cost

**J. D. CROSBY & SON,**  
Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men.



### Perennial Fragrant White Lily Bulbs

For Sale. The bulbs will bloom next year and will bloom each season thereafter for many years. Height of plant in bloom, 3 to 4 feet. One stock carries as many as 13 lilies and the plants do not require any covering during the winter. The price for one bulb is 50 cents, three for \$1.00. Young bulbs which require several years to bloom will be sold at the rate of three for 25 cents. All bulbs sent by mail postpaid.

The undersigned has grown these lilies for 14 years and offers the bulbs for sale until August 25 after which date it will be too late to plant them this year. Order at once.

**F. LENZNER,** - - - - - **Cass City.**

### CLASS RE-UNION.

A happy bunch of girls comprising the Cass City high school graduates of 1905, had a reunion and picnic at the home of Miss Mae Mulholland, corner of Houghton and Seeger streets Tuesday afternoon, where they made merry for several hours. Supper was served at six o'clock, each guest contributing a share of the viands. The table was spread under the trees on the lawn, where all demonstrated that their "school girl appetites" were still very much in evidence.

The kodak girl was present and the girls had their "pictures took," and then in the evening they made a tour of the village, enjoying themselves in the old-time way.

All the members of the class were present with one exception, Mrs. Hattie Tanner-Hurd, of Caron, Sask. The two years since the girls left school has witnessed two marriages in their ranks, and reports say that Cupid is only waiting to capture the remaining ones. All excepting two of the class, Clara Lenzner and Irene Tindale, have taught school, and these two have followed the profession of nurses.

The following is the class roll and addresses of the members, together with the office held by each in the old happy, school days. (We are not authority for the information about the offices.)

Irene Tindale, class tardy mark, Deford.  
S. Lilah Tanner, class flirt, Bay Port.  
Mabel Anderson-Arnold, class orator, Big Rapids.  
Ora McKim, class fiddler.  
Mae Mulholland, class giggler.  
Janet Miller, class boss.

Continued on fifth page.

**JAMES C. COPLAND.**

Died at his brother's home, northwest of Cass City, on Aug. 15, James Currie Copland. He was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Jan. 17, 1861, and remained in that part of Scotland until he came to Michigan fourteen years ago. He made his home with John F. Copland, his brother, a part of that period and for some time past he was an invalid from an internal trouble.

Besides the brother referred he has two brothers residing in England, William and Charles, and two sisters, Mrs. Maggie Atkins and Mrs. Agnes Sharp. He also has a brother, Samuel, residing in Scotland.

When near the end he expressed himself as hopeful concerning the future and his request was that the funeral address should be based on II Cor. 5:1, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The services were conducted at the Presbyterian church, Rev. James MacArthur officiating.

Mr. Copland was a member of several fraternal societies.

### NO BUSINESS MEN'S EXCURSION.

In reply to a letter recently written to F. H. Carroll, superintendent of the P. O. & N. R. R., regarding a business men's excursion again this year, we are in receipt of the following answer:

Pontiac, Mich., Aug. 20, 1907.  
Publisher, Cass City Chronicle,  
Cass City, Mich.

Dear Sir: In reply to your recent inquiry regarding the annual business men's excursion over the P. O. & N. this summer. From conversation with the business men in the different villages along the line, I became convinced that there was little interest likely to be manifested in the outing this season and as no one has agitated the trip, we have made no effort to promote it. At several of the villages propositions have been made for local excursions to different points and it is altogether probable that these will take the place of the usual joint excursion.

Yours truly,  
F. H. CARROLL,  
Gen. Supt.

### CAME HOME ON TRAIN.

The story is told says the Caro Advertiser that Dr. L. R. King thought to surprise his wife by driving up to the house in an automobile, and making an excuse to her of professional business in Flint, went to Durand, bought a Rambler at what he considered a great bargain. The former owner offered to drive him as far as Flint, and the doctor operated the machine most of the way with great success. His instructor left him at that point, and failing to find another thought he would come home alone, but eleven miles this side of the Genesee capital something went wrong and he found himself marooned in the country far from automobile experts and tools. He managed to telephone Mrs. King not to expect him that night and remained another day, finally coming home by train, leaving the machine in a repair shop.

### STAND BY YOUR TOWN.

The desirable town is one that is alive and prosperous and one of the best ways to help a town become so is to speak well of it. It is true patriotism and self interest as well to stand by your town. As a man who speaks ill of his family lowers both himself and family in the estimation of others, so does a man who cares little for his town and community. The man who is respected by others respects himself and patriotism begins at home. Another way to help your town is to do all you can to beautify it. Beautify your own home all you can and then beautify the street. Be friendly to everybody and courteous to strangers. Your civility will make good impressions which are carried away and cherished. Never forget that you are part of the town and your deportment helps to make the stranger's estimate of the place. Buy all you can at home. Every dollar that is spent away from town makes it that much poorer.—EX.

### Poultry Wanted.

We have changed the dates for buying poultry, and will buy two carloads—one at the Gagetown depot on Saturday, Aug. 31, and the other at the Cass City depot on Monday, Sept. 2. Will pay 10 cents for old hens, 8 cents for ducks and the highest market price for spring chicken, geese and turkeys. Now is the time to sell your poultry. HARRY YOUNG, 8-23

### Bids Wanted.

Sealed proposals will be received up to and including the 24th day of August next for building additions to the county house and for plumbing and heating same. Bids will be received separately or together. Specifications on file at the county clerk's office at Caro where all bids are required to be filed. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

D. S. HALSTEAD,  
AMOS P. JEFFERY,  
E. J. DABBY.

8-16-2 Building Committee.

### SELLS HIS INTEREST.

Amos Bond sold his interest in the drug business of L. I. Wood & Co. Saturday to his partners, and expects to leave Cass City in the near future for the South on account of the ill health of his wife. Mr. Bond has been associated in the drug store here for many years. He came to Cass City from Fairgrove, where he was engaged in the same business, nine years ago and purchased the drug store of A. W. Seed. For five years he gave the business his personal attention, and then his health failed, and a partnership was formed known as L. I. Wood & Co., which has conducted the business since that time.

Mr. Bond has proved his worth as a good citizen and Cass Cityites are sorry to lose him and his estimable wife. The best wishes of their many friends go with them to their new home.

The name of the firm will still be known as L. I. Wood & Co. and Mr. Wood will manage the business as heretofore. The company is well satisfied with the amount of business done during the past four years and Mr. Wood states that the prospects for the future are bright.

### MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Can anything be more pleasant in the busy humdrum of after years, than to permit your mind to wander back to the days of school life, the sweet memories and incidents that came up, the smiling faces and pleasant countenances; the old school house door, that has so often admitted you, swings back and forth on its great hinges; the very walls speaking forth of happy hours; while at your side stands the noble teacher who has watched your every move and is as much interested in your success as you are. As these pleasant recollections come back to one, the eye is almost moistened as he realizes those days are gone forever, and so many who took part in those happy hours, as well. As we sit and contemplate that never again in this life will those days return, that the participants who so joyously together in the school room and play ground pledged loyalty and faith to the old school, and whose memories are the most pleasant in our life, are scattered far and wide, and some departed forever to their eternal home. When this is realized, sad, indeed, is the heart and the swiftness with which the years pass by makes one understand that we are journeying toward the setting sun.—Yale Record.

### THUMB NOTES.

The new stone road east of Caro is nearly completed.

At a dance fight in a Polish settlement in Dwight township, Huron county, Tony Bugenski was stabbed, perhaps fatally, by Joseph Ritzock. Both men are about 22 years old.

The Veteran Soldiers and Sailors of Lapeer, Genesee, Sanilac and Tuscola counties which was held at Lapeer last week chose Aaron Meddaugh of Caro president and adjourned to meet in Caro next year. The reunion closed with a parade and fireworks on the campus Thursday night.

The roof of a barn belonging to Wesley Brown of Rubicon township, Huron county, on which several men were shingling, suddenly gave way and crashed 40 feet to the ground, killing August Ziesler and probably fatally injuring Pete Curry, and hurting others. Albert Schultz was internally injured and his condition is said to be serious.

The publisher of the Hospital edition of the Huron County Tribune promises an edition of 2500 copies for that week, and the best newspaper ever published in Huron county. No pains will be spared to make it a success. By the time the new editors get through with their edition they will begin to appreciate the work of the editor who has to repeat himself every week.

The entire village of Fostoria has been stirred by the heroic deed of Harold Harding, who sacrificed his own life in saving Miss Myrtle Bowerman from drowning. They were bathing from a raft in North Lake when

Miss Bowerman became exhausted and Harding went to her assistance. He held her up until help came and during the excitement of taking care of the young lady, Harding, who was exhausted, sank.

Lawrence Schwab, who resides on a farm three miles west of Vassar, met with an accident Monday which nearly cost him his life. Schwab was working in a field cutting grain with a binder and stopped his team to make some needed repairs. His horses became frightened and started on a run across the field. Mr. Schwab was hit by the running board of the machine and thrown to the ground and was run over by the binder. The knives of the binder tore nearly all the clothing from his body and severely lacerated his side. He was carried to his home and Dr. Harvey Morris was called to attend his injuries which he found of a very serious nature. How Schwab escaped death is a mystery.—Vassar Times.

The school board held a meeting at the school house last Saturday afternoon, and voted to re-putty and paint the windows, complete the laboratory room, buy a new desk for the superintendent, repair the out buildings, and in short, put things in first class shape for next September. They also adopted a full twelve grade course of study which Supt. J. A. Muma had written out and recommended to them. The course covers two years of Latin and two of German, and all necessary subjects for college entrance, so that in the future, graduates of the Pigeon school may enter the Normal school without examination, and complete a life certificate course in two years. The same privilege is granted by all denominational colleges in Michigan, and in a few years Pigeon will have a school second to none in the state. Supt. J. A. Muma is the right man in the right place in Pigeon schools, and the people of Pigeon and the district appreciate his efforts.—Pigeon Progress.

Vassar has seen a scarcity of almost everything since its appearance on the map, but the newest is the scarcity of preachers, says the correspondent to the Detroit News. One morning recently a young man and his girl drove into town from the country and had their minds made up to be married, having all the necessary documents, but no minister. First they went to the Methodist, Rev. C. H. Perrin, who was found to have bled himself away to the bay for a two weeks' outing; then, the Baptist minister, Rev. W. N. Ferris, was found to have left for Ohio to visit the scenes of his childhood; the Presbyterian man, Rev. R. T. Lynd, was in Detroit on his vacation, and Rev. O. J. Moon had gone to southern Michigan to preach. Then, when the entire list of ministers had been gone through, the young man thought that perhaps, under the circumstances, a justice of the peace would do, but his wife-to-be wanted a minister or nobody, as "mamma" was married by one. But after much persuasion on the part of the groom she at last consented to be married by a justice.

### MERE MENTION.

The new wife desertion law of Michigan says that the maximum penalty shall be three years instead of 90 days as formerly. A feature of the act is that the wife or a husband convicted of desertion shall be paid \$1.50 a week by the poor commission, the money coming from the warden of the prison where the erring spouse is doing time. The sum of 50 cents will also be allowed for each child of the prisoner under 15 years of age.

### Furniture For Sale.

Sideboard, couch, kitchen cabinet, refrigerator, bedroom suite, steel range, heating stove, washing machine, bicycle, fruit cans and several other articles of furniture at a bargain. Inquire at residence. Amos Bond. 8-9-3

### For Sale.

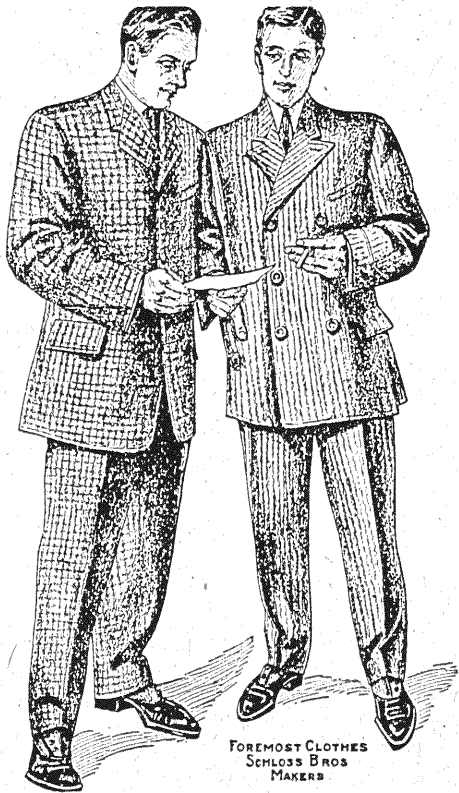
One hundred acres of land four miles from Cass City. Partly cleared; rail and wire fences; cheap for cash. Address E. H. Harger, Pontiac, Mich. 7-2-5\*

## NEW YORK CASH Department Store

Cass City's Big Bargain House.

### Let Us Remember

Clothes, like individuals, have character; also they lend character to individuals; they give distinction and social standing.



## Schloss Bros.' Foremost Clothes

Have Character, Style and Durability.

In a measure, we dress to please others, for the eyes of the world are upon us. Foremost Clothes are absolutely guaranteed as to workmanship. With one of our suits, you will be as well dressed as if it came from a high priced tailor. In style, fit and up-to-date appearance they can't be beat, and our prices are within easy reach of all. Come to the store where Fashion reigns if you want

**GENTEEL, NOBBY CLOTHING.**

## NEW CEMENT BLOCK. RUSS & DURST, Proprietors.

EGGS TAKEN IN TRADE.

## "COW EASE"

For the fly pest upon cattle or horses. \$1.00 per gallon. Guaranteed by

**L. I. WOOD & CO., Druggists.**



# Cass City Chronicle

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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H. F. LENZNER, Publisher.

## Directory.

### Daniel P. Deming, M. D.

Late graduate of Long Island College, New York. Physician in charge of Pleasant Home Hospital. Office hours from 10:00 to 12:30 a. m. and 3:30 to 6:30 p. m. All calls in the country will be answered either day or night. Phone at hospital and residence on Seeger Street.

### J. H. Hays, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Special attention given to the eye. Office at residence on S. Seeger St.

### DR. M. M. WICKWARE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Corner-Hus Grocery. Residence two blocks south of Laing & Jones' store on Seeger street, east side. Special attention paid to mid-wifery and diseases of women.

### Dr. A. N. Treadgold

Office over P. O. Special attention given to diseases of children and old age. Calls answered night or day. Office hours—10:30 to 12:30 and 3:30 to 6:30 p. m. Resident calls in the country will be answered either day or night. Phone at hospital and residence on Seeger Street.

### DR. A. W. TRUESDELL,

Physician and Surgeon. Shabbona, Mich. Special attention to surgery.

### P. A. Schenck, D. D. S.

DENTIST. Graduate University of Michigan. Office hours 7:30 a. m. to 12 m. and 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. Office in Fritz Block, Cass City, Michigan.

### Dentistry.

I. A. FRITZ, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office over E. Ryan's drug store. We solicit your patronage when in need of dental work.

### Elkland Arbor, No. 31, A. O. O. G.

meets the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in Oddfellow Hall. Visiting companions always welcome.

E. E. BOULTON, C. G. JAS. REAGH, Sec-Treas.

### ECZEMA and PILE CURE

FREE. Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Pile and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

## PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN RAILROAD.

### Trains leave Cass City.

Going North 11:25 a. m. and 7:58 p. m.

Going South 7:43 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.

### F. H. CARROLL,

Gen'l Supt., Pontiac.

### O. A. STOLL,

Wholesale and Retail Florist.

All Out Flowers and Potted Plants in season. Funeral designs artistically made and shipped to any part of the State. Telegraph and telephone orders promptly attended to. OXFORD, MICH.

### BARGAINS! SAVE MONEY!

\$19.00 Warranted Ten Years

For a Four Drawer New Machine

TRUST NO ONE to select from. Prices \$15.00 to \$50.00 to fancy case. PATENTS have expired. Big cut in price. Have you seen the No. 18 New Home? Nothing like it. It is the greatest wonder of the age. Call or send for bargain list. Orders price disallowed. New Home Sewing Machine Co., Chicago

BE WISE AND BUY THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME

Highest Grade Sewing Machine \$5.00 on and over and conditions, retail for \$40.00 everywhere. Buy it! No money in advance. We pay the freight. The above are extracts from advertisements seen every day. We do not advertise that way but state plainly that we cannot sell you a \$5.00 machine for \$5.00 and the \$5.00 machine they ask \$25.00 for. We will sell you a \$5.00 machine for \$5.00 and guarantee every one. We manufacture our own machines and guarantee every one. One of 20 different styles and prices to select from. Write for complete list or call on our dealer in your town and save money. See our No. 18 New Home for its perfection.

C. D. STRIFFLER, Agent, Cass City, Mich.

### THINK ABOUT IT

A bout what the Home Paper means to you and yours. It means all the interesting news of the community, of your neighbors and friends, of the churches and schools, of everything in which you are directly interested. Don't you think the Home Paper is a good thing to have?

## QUEEN OF THE WOLVES

### Indian Girl Dwells Alone In Midst of Howling Horde.

### SHE CATCHES THEM ALIVE.

Sells Their Skins at a Good Profit. Strange Career of Mary Gissler, Beautiful Half Breed Chippeway, Child of the Forest.

Mary Gissler, "queen of the wolf ranch," are the name and title of a girl who runs probably the most peculiar and the most dangerous business in the United States, or in the world, perhaps.

Miss Gissler's ranch is on the river, about half way between International Falls, Minn., and Mine Center, Ontario. She is the daughter of John Gissler, a hermit hunter and trapper, and his wife, a full blooded Chippeway Indian woman, both of whom died a few years ago.

"That girl has more genuine courage than any man I ever met," says Daniel Rutledge, a fur buyer of St. Paul, who "discovered" her.

"The scene that opened before me when I came upon the ranch was the strangest a man ever beheld," says Rutledge, who recently returned from a long trip in the woods. "The girl herself is a marvel. Tall and straight, with her jet black hair closely coiled under a cap of wolfskin, and dressed in garments of fur, she certainly was a sight for an artist."

"I was coming down the river when I heard wolves howling," says Rutledge. "Naturally I supposed a pack was running a deer or moose, or was possibly on my trail, so it was me for a tree to await developments. Finally, as the howling continued without coming closer, I descended and made an investigation.

"Nearer and nearer I slipped to the howling, snapping, snarling brutes, and at last reached a high fence of long tamarack poles, firmly fastened to pine trees.

"Inside were a hundred or more wolves savagely snapping over big bits of meat which this girl, standing on a platform built from a window of the cabin at the upper end of the stockade, was throwing out to them.

"As I looked through the fence a skulking wolf of gigantic size crept up behind me and, without a warning growl, fastened its teeth in one of my legs. I shouted and the animal leaped to one side. I kicked at it.

"Almost instantly there came a cry—sharp and piercing—from the girl on the platform, and the animal that had bitten me skulked away, his tail between his legs.

"The animal was a wolf dog—a cross between a timber wolf and the common house dog—and I must say that more vicious animals never lived. As I stood rubbing my leg and wonder-



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" ing what sort of a place I had reached, the girl came toward me carrying a rifle and followed by three or four wolf dogs.

"What do you want? Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she asked, before I recovered from my surprise.

"I explained to her that I had heard the wolves howling and had been curious to see them—after I found they were not after me—and in trying to approach them had been seized by her dog.

"The girl, with a half apologetic manner, said that she kept the wolf dogs as pets in her cabin, they being her companions and protectors.

"They are not like the wolves in there," she added with a laugh, pointing to the brutes in the pen.

"The stockade, or corral, in which the wolves are kept in a deep ravine, is faced on one side by an almost perpendicular wall of rock which no animal can scale. The ledge on the other side is less precipitous, and is surrounded by a high fence of tamarack poles, over which the animals cannot leap or through which they cannot crawl. The ravine is about 500 feet in width, at one side of which is a large spring. Extending back from the river for a mile or more, it gradually narrows until the entrance to a swamp beyond is not more than 100 feet across.

"At this end has been built a high fence of small pine logs, being fastened to trees, until a barrier has been erected through which nothing larger than a rabbit can creep.

"I asked her, after she had explained to me that she was in the fur raising business, how she managed to trap the animals in the first place.

"I'll show you," she replied, as she

led the way to the cabin, where she laid down her rifle and whipped the wolf dogs into a small shed adjoining the cabin.

"She pointed out a gate hung on pulleys in the center of the fence at the lower end of the ravine, which could be easily raised, leaving an opening thirty feet across. The gate is fastened by a huge padlock to a pine tree which serves as a post. The key to the padlock is worn as a locket by the 'wolf queen.'

"Her cabin is a two story affair, and from a window on the upper floor extends a small platform, the outer end resting on the fence closing the ravine.

"It was on this platform that I first saw the 'wolf queen' throwing meat to the wolves below.

"As I stood with her on this platform, watching the animals fighting for food, the wolf dog which had attacked me



THEY LEAPED LONG BEFORE THE DOG STRUCK THE GROUND.

came up beside me snarling. I turned and kicked at it again, and it jumped so far that it slipped off the platform and fell among the wolves. Before it touched the ground the wolves leaped at it, and in a moment it was torn to bits. I shuddered as I thought what a man's fate would be if he were at the mercy of that howling horde."

"The gate at the lower end of the stockade does not open directly into the main yard, but into a smaller pen, connected with the larger one by a gate somewhat similar to the one at the river end of the ravine, only smaller.

Natural Home For Varmints.

"The rocks and brush in the ravine furnish an excellent retreat for the wolves, and in the numerous gloomy dens in the ledge hundreds of young wolves have first seen the light of day.

"But I don't depend altogether on raising wolves," said the girl. "That's too slow."

"Then, with the enthusiasm that a young society bud would display in describing her first ball dress, she told how she led into the stockade large packs of the most cowardly, yet most daring and desperate—when hungry—denizens of the pine woods—the 'hell dogs' of the north.

"The end of the ravine farthest from the river opens into a big tamarack swamp, so dark and thick as to be almost impenetrable, and is an excellent stronghold for wolves. This fact has shrewdly been taken advantage of by the 'wolf queen,' who two or three times a year throws out a big dragnet and captures lots of the animals.

"Her method is to make a tour of the swamp, dragging behind her on the snow or pine needles the carcass of a newly killed deer, now and then leaving a piece of the meat. She carries this trail into the first pen of the stockade.

"The trap is set by opening the gate leading into the swamp. The carcass of the deer is the bait. Then the 'wolf queen' conceals herself to await the coming of the pack.

Strike the Trail.

"When the wolves strike the trail and get the scent of the fresh meat," the girl said, "they follow it directly into the outer pen, for they never have been known to leave the trail until they have overtaken, pulled down and torn to pieces the animal they are after or until they have been shot and killed."

"On the ledge, holding the ropes controlling the gate, the girl watches. "The long drawn, mournful howl announces the start, and soon the pack is in full cry, tearing through the underbrush, their blood thirst aroused to the highest pitch.

"Nearer and nearer they come, and, crowding and snapping at each other, they press through the gate. A pull at the rope releases the gate, shutting in the wolves.

"I don't know what hades, filled with maddened animals, would look like, but I do know that the scene when a pack of timber wolves is trapped by this girl must be the sight of a lifetime and one well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the strongest man, let alone a young half blood Indian girl.

"Her method of slaughtering the wolves when she wishes to market the skins is effective, safe and possibly as humane as any that could be devised.

"Twenty-five or thirty animals are lured into the smaller pen from the main stockade and the gate closed.

"Miss Gissler takes her position on the ledge and with her rifle picks off the animals one by one until all have been killed. One bullet for each wolf is all she needs. The wolves are skinned and the carcasses used as food for the rest of the captives.

"The skins are allowed to freeze, after which they are tied in big bundles ready to be taken to Fort Francis, on the Canadian side of the river, where a buyer is always to be found."

## MAGIC OF THE MAORI

### Strange Powers Exercised by the Tribal Priests.

### DAZED AN ENGLISH BISHOP.

Result of an Attempt to Convert To-hoto to Christianity—Singular and Pathetic End of the Last of the Old Heathen Tohungas.

What in the past has been termed magic presents itself now to the scientific mind as an imperfect use of forces the full knowledge of which we have yet to acquire. The Maori priest of old, or tohunga, as he was called, was master of many powers which can now be explained by hypnotism, although his methods of pretending to procure messages from the gods were doubtless due to craft. Ventriloquism also was practiced by the priests, particularly when communication was desired with a deceased relative. There remains, however, a mass of evidence proving that these men possessed powers which can only be explained, says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, by processes into which we are only now beginning to have any insight.

Many white men are familiar with some of the outward forms of the observances of the Maori priests, but of the inner meaning and origin of their ritual we know nothing. In the teaching handed down to those chosen among their direct descendants under circumstances of great secrecy the pupil was put to several tests in order to prove his proficiency.

First he had to take in his hand a hard, smooth and round stone and, repeating a karakia, or incantation called a hoia, to shatter the stone into fragments, and that only by the mental operation of willing, without any physical effort. To all the priest's operations the karakia was a necessary adjunct. It supplied to the Polynesian mind an outward sign connecting cause and effect. The old time Maori believed, indeed, that the karakia, the form of words used, wrought the desired effect, and the efficacy of this incantation depended on the absolute fidelity with which the formula was pronounced.

If the pupil was successful in the stone test he was next made to try his powers on some animate object, such as a flying bird, the process being the same as before. According to the Maoris, the bird was always killed if the pupil was proficient. Or he might hoia a fleeing enemy and cause him to be seized with all those agonies of retardation which we are all familiar with when suffering from nightmare.

Then came the final test, the pupil being ordered to exercise the power of willing to death some near relative of his own in order to show that in the exercise of his powers he could rise superior to the feelings of natural affection. This was the dread makuku, and it is well known that if a Maori believed he was thus bewitched he was sure to die. Here we see the effect of hypnotism and suggestion conveyed by telepathy. Sometimes a priest who considered himself deeply affronted has been known to will to death a whole family for the act of one individual, and all, even the babe at the breast, have wilted away.

The tohunga was even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident: A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out by some omen connected with the dead chief whether they would be successful in their next encounter.

The tohunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the bier. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present being fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy rose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times.

Tohoto was the last of the old tohungas. The number of his years could hardly be guessed at. He was almost a Methuselah of the Maori, his race, and, careless as to his personal appearance, he wore his hair long. I visited him several times, but so extremely sacred was his person held that it was only after repeated delays that I was allowed to see him. Indeed, he considered that white people were not fit to associate with, as they had no system of tapu, nor did they regard things which were tapu to the Maori with any reverence. I was deeply interested in his manifestations, partly for their strangeness and partly perhaps because I had myself assimilated many of the Maori superstitions by the mere force of propinquity.

From the first he had resisted all effort of the missionaries to induce him to abandon his ancient faith for Christianity. As he still had a large following who for his sake refused to recognize Christianity, his conversion was greatly desired. New Zealand's greatest bishop laid siege to the old heathen at Makola, that tree clad isle in Lake Rotorua, to which the beautiful Hinemoa swam. For hours the bishop endeavored to win the priest over. But his powers of persuasion—how great these were I was well known—for once failed utterly. Tohoto sat in moody

silence. At length he lifted his head. "Hearken unto my words!" he said. "If you can do this, I will accept your God."

Then, picking up the dead leaf of a cabbage three which had fluttered to the ground, he held it out loosely between his fingers at arm's length. His withered body was naked to the hips; the sun was high in the heavens; no deception was possible. After repeating an incantation he invited his visitor to look. Lo, the leaf had become green! The strong minded, highly educated Englishman had no belief in either Tohoto or his powers, yet by some mental influence the decrepit Polynesian was able to make the white man believe that what he saw was a fresh green leaf, yet it was in reality still a dry brown one.

The end of the last of the tohungas was both singular and pathetic. On that terrible night in June, 1886, when the Pink and White Terraces were last to New Zealand and darkness came over the land, Tohoto was sleeping at Walroa village. He was buried beneath the rain of ashes, and it was seven days before he was dug out of the ruins of his hut. He was very feeble after his long confinement in a hole that must have been for a time scarcely less hot than an oven, and he was black with the ashes from the volcanic eruption. Yet had he been left alone he might have recovered, but they took him to the hospital at Rotorua, where, probably in ignorance of the awful sacredness in which the head is held among Maoris and especially that of a tohunga, the white and matted hair and beard were cut off. It was the most terrible and degrading thing that could have happened to Tohoto. His personal tapu had been violated, and this, preying on his mind, killed him.

### CARE OF THE VIOLIN.

The Way to Keep an Instrument in Good Condition.

The fact that a violin will survive a thousand calamities if rightly repaired is no excuse for knocking it about or neglecting it.

There are a few little attentions which easily become habits and which go a long way toward keeping a violin in good condition. The first is to keep the instrument clean. The old notion that a coat of resin does a violin good is ridiculous. Besides spoiling the varnish, it is apt to get into the pores of the wood. Dust quickly forms a crust on a violin which is difficult to remove. Therefore after being played upon the instrument should always be wiped off. It takes only a few moments to brush the resin from under the bridge and finger board. For this purpose a soft linen or silk cloth should be kept in the violin case.

Never try to polish your violin with oil. Many valuable instruments have been hopelessly ruined by experiments of this kind.

The well known instrument maker J. A. Otto says that the inside of a violin should be "cleaned out every half year with a handful of barley made rather warm and poured in at the f-holes. Then, by properly shaking the instrument, the dust will adhere to the barley and come out through the f-holes."

The question of strings is an important one to all violinists. Cheap strings never pay. They either break quickly or they become false. It is much more economical to buy the best Italian strings and then to take good care of them. Strings that are left on the violin very long become hard and dry and have often to be discarded before they break. However, if a little care is taken of them they will keep a long time in good sonorous condition. Rub them off with a soft cloth dipped in olive or almond oil. Besides being a nourishment to the string the oil removes the hardened resin which collects under the bow and which produces a rasping, grating kind of sound. Then, also, the oil cleans away the traces of perspiration from where the fingers touch and thus prevents the strings from growing false. Of course the oil must be thoroughly cleaned off again before the bow is applied.

It is a good plan to have your spare strings wrapped in oil paper and kept in a tight tin box or glass jar, as they are just as sensitive to heat and cold and dampness as are those of the violin.—Anna B. Foley in Circle.

### Equal to Occasions.

Lord Whitworth, who held various posts of honor in English diplomatic circles, was a kindly, gracious gentleman as well as a wit and a man of the world. He had indeed almost measured swords with Napoleon at the Tuilleries when that despot railed at England for not having evacuated Egypt and Malta, accused her of having violated treaties and ended by flourishing a cane dangerously near the face of the English ambassador.

Lord Whitworth put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What would you have done if the emperor had struck you?" he was afterward asked.

"I would have felled him to the ground," was the quiet answer.

Perhaps the best story told of him is one showing how his quick wit disposed of a rival. When he was at the Russian court, Fox sent there as a sort of ambassador of his own a man named Adair, the son of a surgeon.

One day the empress, speaking in French, said to Lord Whitworth: "Is he a very important man, this M. Adair?"

"Not so very, madame," replied Lord Whitworth, "although his father was a grand saigneur," a remark which readers of French will recognize as a very good pun, for the word used by Lord Whitford means "blood letter," while by its sound it also meant a great lord.

### Business Before Pleasure.

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful indeed in an old fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing, but as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—be—"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"—Pearson's Weekly.

### A Wonderful Crab.

The Japanese spider crab is the most remarkable mimic of the crustacean group and is also the largest known crab. It has extraordinarily flexible pinchers, while its numerous arms are studded with hooked hairs and spines. By means of its pinchers it tears off small fragments of sponges and seaweeds. After first putting these to its mouth, which contains a glutinous saliva, the crab places them on the surface of its limbs and body by sticking them fast with a rubbing movement. By this method the crab succeeds in completely changing its appearance and rendering itself indistinguishable from the materials common to the bottom of the sea. While crawling along it seems as though a portion of the ocean bed was in motion, so close is the resemblance.

### A Curious Dialogue.

A most bloodthirsty drama was being performed. The father of the leading woman came as usual to the stage door and asked the doorkeeper: "Has my daughter gone yet?"

"No; she is still on the stage. She will not die for some minutes."

"Will you be kind enough to tell her as soon as she is dead that I am waiting for her at the theater cafe?"—Mot-to-Per Herder.

Grandmamma—What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy? Tommy—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma!

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I think they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband is true."—Pick-Me-Up.

....The Secret of....

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# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

**I**N the meantime the main body of the crew under Thorpe and his foremen were briskly tumbling the logs into the current. The men had continually to keep alert, for at any moment they were called upon to exercise their best judgment and quickness to keep from being carried downward with the rush of the logs. Not infrequently a frowning sheer wall of forty feet would hesitate on the brink of plunge. Then Shearer himself proved his right to the title of river man.

Shearer wore calks nearly an inch in length. He had been known to ride ten miles without shifting his feet on a log so small that he could carry it without difficulty. For cool nerve he was unexcelled.

"I don't need you boys here any longer," he said quietly. When the men had all withdrawn he walked confidently under the front of the railway, glancing with practiced eye at the perpendicular wall of logs over him. Then as a man pries jackstraws he clamped his peavey and tugged sharply. At once the railway flattened and toppled. A mighty splash, a puff of flying foam and crushing timbers, and the spot on which the river man had stood was buried beneath twenty feet of solid green wood. To Thorpe it seemed that Shearer must have been overwhelmed, but the river man always mysteriously appeared at one side or the other, nonchalant, urging the men to work before the logs should have ceased to move. History stated that Shearer had never lost a man on the river simply and solely be-

cause he invariably took the dangerous tasks upon himself.

In three days the rollways were broken. Now it became necessary to start the rear.

For this purpose Billy Camp, the cook, had loaded his cook stove, a quantity of provisions and a supply of bedding aboard a scow. At either end were long sweeps to direct its course. The craft was perhaps forty feet long, but rather narrow, in order that it might pass easily through the shoot of a dam. It was called the "wanigan."

The huge, unwieldy craft from that moment was to become possessed of the devil. Down the white water of rapids it would bump, smashing obstinately against boulders, against the branches of the stream side it would scrape, in the broad reaches it would sulk, refusing to proceed, and when expediency demanded its pause it would drag Billy Camp and his entire crew at the rope's end, while they tried vainly to scrub it against successively uprooted trees and stumps. When at last the wanigan was moored fast for the night—usually a mile or so below the spot planned—Billy Camp pushed back his battered old brown derby hat, the badge of his office, with a sigh of relief. To be sure, he and his men had still to cut wood, construct cooking and camp fires, pitch tents, snip browse and prepare supper for seventy men, but the hard work of the day was over.

Along either bank, among the bushes, on sand bars and in trees, hundreds and hundreds of logs had been stranded when the main drive passed. These logs the rear crew were engaged in restoring to the current.

And, as a man had to be able to ride any kind of log in any water, to propel that log by jumping on it, by rolling it squirrel fashion with the feet, by punting it as one would a canoe, to be skillful in pushing, prying and poling other logs from the quarter deck of the same cranky craft; as he must be prepared at any and all times to jump waist deep into the river, to work in ice water hours at a stretch; as he was called upon to break the most dangerous jams on the river, representing, as they did, the accumulation which the jam crew had left behind them, it was naturally considered the height of glory to belong to the rear crew. Here were the best of the Fighting Forty, men with a reputation as "white water birlers," men afraid of nothing.

Every morning the crews were divided into two sections under Kerlie and Jack Hyland. Each crew had charge of one side of the river. Scotty Parsons exercised a general supervisory eye over both crews. Shearer and Thorpe traveled back and forth the length of the drive, riding the logs down stream, but taking to a partly submerged pole trail when ascending the current. On the surface of the river in the clear water floated two long, graceful boats called bateaux. These were in charge of expert boatmen. They carried in racks a great supply of pike poles, peaveys, axes, rope and dynamite for use in various emergencies.

Intense rivalry existed as to which crew "sacked" the farthest down the stream in the course of the day. There was no need to urge the men. Some stood upon the logs, pushing mightily with the long pike poles. From one end of the rear to the other shouts, calls, warnings and jokes flew back and forth. Once or twice a vast roar of Homeric laughter went up as some unfortunate slipped and soused into the water. When the current slack-

ed and the logs hesitated in their run the entire crew hastened, bobbing from log to log, down river to see about it. Then they broke the jam, standing surely on the edge of the great darkness, while the ice water sucked in and out of their shoes.

Behind the rear Big Junko poled his bateau backward and forward exploding dynamite. Many of the bottom tiers of logs in the rollways had been frozen down, and Big Junko had to loosen them from the bed of the stream. He was a big man, this, as his nickname indicated, built of many awkwardnesses. His cheek bones were high, his nose flat, his lips thick and slabby. He sported a wide, ferocious straggling mustache and long eyebrows, under which gleamed little force eyes. His forehead sloped back like a beast's, but was always hidden by a disreputable felt hat. Big Junko did not know much and had the passions of a wild animal, but he was a reckless river man and devoted to Thorpe. Just now he exploded dynamite.

The sticks of powder were piled amidships. Big Junko crouched over them, inserting the fuses and caps, closing the openings with soap, finally lighting them and dropping them into the water alongside, where they immediately sank. Then a few strokes of a short paddle took him barely out of danger. He huddled down in his craft, waiting. One, two, three seconds passed. Then a hollow boom shook the stream. A cloud of water sprang up, strangely beautiful. After a moment the great brown logs rose suddenly to the surface from below, one after the other, like leviathans of the deep.

Thorpe and Tim Shearer nearly always slept in a dog tent at the rear, though occasionally they passed the night at Dam Two, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were already engaged in sluicing the logs through the shoot.

The affair was simple enough. Long booms arranged in the form of an open V guided the drive to the sluice gate, through which a smooth apron of water rushed to turmoil in an eddying pool below. Two men tramped steadily backward and forward on the booms, urging the logs forward by means of long pike poles to where the suction could seize them. Below the dam the push of the sluice water forced them several miles down stream.

where the rest of Bryan Moloney's crew took them in charge.

Thus through the wide gate nearly three-quarters of a million feet an hour could be run, and at length the last of the logs drifted into the wide dam pool. The rear had arrived at Dam Two, and Thorpe congratulated himself that one stage of his journey had been completed.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

**T**HE rear had been tenting at the dam for two days and was about ready to break camp when Jimmy Powers swung across the trail to tell them of the big jam.

Ten miles along the river bed the stream dropped over a little half falls into a narrow, rocky gorge. It was always an anxious spot for river drivers. The plunging of the logs head-on over the fall had so gouged out the soft rock below that an eddy of great power had formed in the basin. Here, in spite of all efforts, the jam had formed. The bed was completely filled, far above the level of the falls, by a tangle that defied the jam crew's best efforts.

The rear at once took the trail down the river. Thorpe and Shearer and Scotty Parsons looked over the ground. Without delay the entire crew was set to work. Nearly a hundred men can pick a great many logs in the course of a day. Several times the jam started, but always "plugged" before the motion had become irresistible.

"We'll have to shoot," Shearer reluctantly decided.

The men were withdrawn. Scotty Parsons cut a sapling twelve feet long and trimmed it. Big Junko thawed his dynamite at a little fire, opening the ends of the packages in order that the steam generated might escape. When the powder was warm, Scotty bound twenty of the cartridges around the end of the sapling, adjusted a fuse in one of them and soaped the opening to exclude water. Then Big Junko thrust the long javelin down into the depths of the jam, leaving a thin stream of smoke behind him as he turned away, zigzagging awkwardly over the jam, the long, ridiculous tails of his brown cutaway coat flopping behind him as he leaped. A scant moment later the hoarse dynamite shouted.

Great chunks of timber shot to an inconceivable height. Entire logs lifted bodily into the air with the motion of a fish jumping. A fountain of water gleamed against the sun and showered down in fine rain. The jam shrugged and settled. That was all. The "shot" had failed.

The men ran forward, examining curiously the great hole in the log formation.

"We'll have to flood her," said Thorpe. So all the gates of the dam were raised, and the torrent tried its hand.

Evidently the affair

had no effect. It was not one of violence, but of patience. The crew went doggedly to work.

Day after day the clank, clank, clink of the peaveys sounded with the regularity of machinery. It was cruel, hard work. A man who has lifted his utmost strength into a peavey knows that. Any but the Fighting Forty would have grumbled.

Collins, the bookkeeper, came up to view the tangle. Later a photographer from Marquette took some views, and by the end of the week a number of curiosity seekers were driving over every day to see the big jam. A certain Chicago journalist in search of balsam



Threw his battered old felt hat defiantly.

health of lungs even sent to his paper a little item. This unexpectedly brought Wallace Carpenter to the spot. The place was an amphitheater for such as chose to be spectators. They could stand or sit on the summit of the gorge cliffs, overlooking the river, the fall and the jam.

At last Shearer became angry. "We've been monkeying long enough," said he. "Next time we'll leave a center that will go out. We'll shut the dams down tight and dry pick out two wings that'll start her."

The dams were first run at full speed and then shut down. Hardly a drop of water flowed in the bed of the stream. The crews set laboriously to work to pull and roll the logs out in such flat fashion that a head of water should send them out.

This was even harder work than the other, for they had not the floating power of water to help them in the lifting. As usual, part of the men worked below, part above.

Jimmy Powers, curly haired, laughing faced, was irrepressible. He badgered the others until they threw bark at him and menaced him with their peaveys. Always he had at his tongue's end the proper quip for the occasion, so that in the long run the work was lightened by him. When the men stopped to think at all they thought of Jimmy Powers with very kindly hearts, for it was known that he had had more trouble than most and that coin was not made too small for him to divide with a needy comrade.

Thorpe approved thoroughly of Jimmy Powers. He thought him a good influence. He told Wallace so, standing among the spectators on the cliff top.

"He is all right," said Thorpe. "I wish I had more like him. The others are good boys too."

Five men were at the moment tugging futilely at a reluctant timber. They were attempting to roll one end of it over the side of another projecting log, but were continually foiled, because the other end was jammed fast. Each bent his knees, inserting his shoulders under the projecting peavey stock, to straighten in a mighty effort.

It was a fine spring day, clear eyed and crisp, with a hint of new foliage in the thick buds of the trees. The air was so pellucid that one distinguished without difficulty the straight entrance to the gorge a mile away, and even the West Bend, fully five miles distant. Jimmy Powers took off his cap and wiped his forehead.

"You boys," he remarked politely, "think you are boring with a mighty big auger."

"My God!" screamed one of the spectators on top of the cliff.

At the same instant Wallace Carpenter seized his friend's arm and pointed. Down the bed of the stream from the upper bend rushed a solid wall of water several feet high. It flung itself forward with the headlong impetus of a cascade. Even in the short interval between the visitor's exclamation and Carpenter's rapid gesture it had loomed in sight, twisted a dozen trees from the river bank and foamed into the entrance of the gorge. An instant later it collided with the tail of the jam.

Even in the railroad rush of those few moments several things happened. Thorpe leaped for a rope. The crew working on top of the dam ducked instinctively to right and left and began to scramble toward safety. The men below, at first bewildered and not comprehending, finally understood and ran toward the face of the jam with the intention of clambering up it. There could be no escape in the narrow canyon below, the walls of which rose sheer.

Then the flood hit square. A great sheet of water rose like surf from the tail of the jam; a mighty cataract pour-

ed down over its surface, lifting the free logs; from either wing timbers crunched, split, rose suddenly into wracked prominence, twisted beyond the semblance of themselves. Here and there single logs were even projected bodily upward, as an apple seed is shot from between the thumb and forefinger. Then the jam moved.

Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Red Jacket and the forty or fifty men had reached the shore. By the wriggling activity which is a river man's alone they succeeded in pulling themselves beyond the snap of death's jaws. It was a narrow thing for most of them and a miracle for some.

Jimmy Powers, Archie Harris, Long Pine Jim, Big Nolan and Mike Moloney, the brother of Bryan, were in worse case. They were, as has been said, engaged in "flattening" part of the jam about eight or ten rods below the face of it. When they finally understood that the affair was one of escape, they ran toward the jam, hoping to climb out. Then the crash came. They heard the roar of the waters, the wrecking of the timbers; they saw the logs bulge outward in anticipation of the break. Immediately they turned and fled, they knew not where.

All but Jimmy Powers. He stopped short in his tracks and threw his battered old felt hat defiantly full into the face of the destruction hanging over him. Then, his bright hair blowing in the wind of death, he turned to the spectators standing helpless and paralyzed forty feet above him.

It was an instant's impression—the arrested motion seen in the flash of lightning—and yet to the onlookers it had somehow the quality of time. For perceptible duration it seemed to them they stared at the contrast between the raging hell above and the yet peaceable river below.

Yet afterward, when they attempted to recall definitely the impression, they knew it could have lasted but a fraction of a second.

"So long, boys!" they heard Jimmy Powers' voice. Then the rope Thorpe had thrown fell across a caldron of tortured waters and of tossing logs.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**D**URING perhaps ten seconds the survivors watched the end of Thorpe's rope trailing in the flood. Then the young man with a deep sigh began to pull it toward him.

At once a hundred surmises, questions, ejaculations, broke out. "What happened?" cried Wallace Carpenter.

"What was that man's name?" asked the Chicago journalist, with the eager instinct of his profession.

"This is terrible, terrible, terrible!" a white haired physician from Marquette kept repeating over and over.

A half dozen ran toward the point of the cliff to peer down stream, as though they could hope to distinguish anything in that waste of flood water.

"The dam's gone out," replied Thorpe. "I don't understand it. Everything was in good shape as far as I could see. It didn't act like an ordinary break. The water came too fast. Why, it was as dry as a bone until just as that wave came along. An ordinary break would have eaten through little by little before it burst, and Davis should have been able to stop it. This came all at once, as if the dam had disappeared. I don't see."

His mind of the professional had already begun to query causes. "How about the men?" asked Wallace. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"You can head a hunt down the river," answered Thorpe. "I think it is useless until the water goes down. Poor Jimmy! He was one of the best men I had. I wouldn't have had this happen."

The horror of the scene was at last beginning to filter through numbness into Wallace Carpenter's impressionable imagination.

"No, no!" he cried vehemently. "There is something criminal about it to me! I'd rather lose every log in the river!"

Thorpe looked at him curiously. "It is one of the chances of war," said he.

"I'd better divide the crew and take in both banks of the river," suggested Wallace.

"See if you can't get volunteers from this crowd," suggested Thorpe. "I can let you have two men to show you trails. I need as many of the crew as possible to use this flood water."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Carpenter, shocked. "You can't be going to work again today, before we have made the slightest effort to recover the bodies!"

"If the bodies can be recovered, they shall be," replied Thorpe quietly. "But the drive will not wait. We have no dams to depend on now, you must remember, and we shall have to get out on the fresher water."

"Your men won't work. I'd refuse just as they will!" cried Carpenter, his sensibilities still suffering.

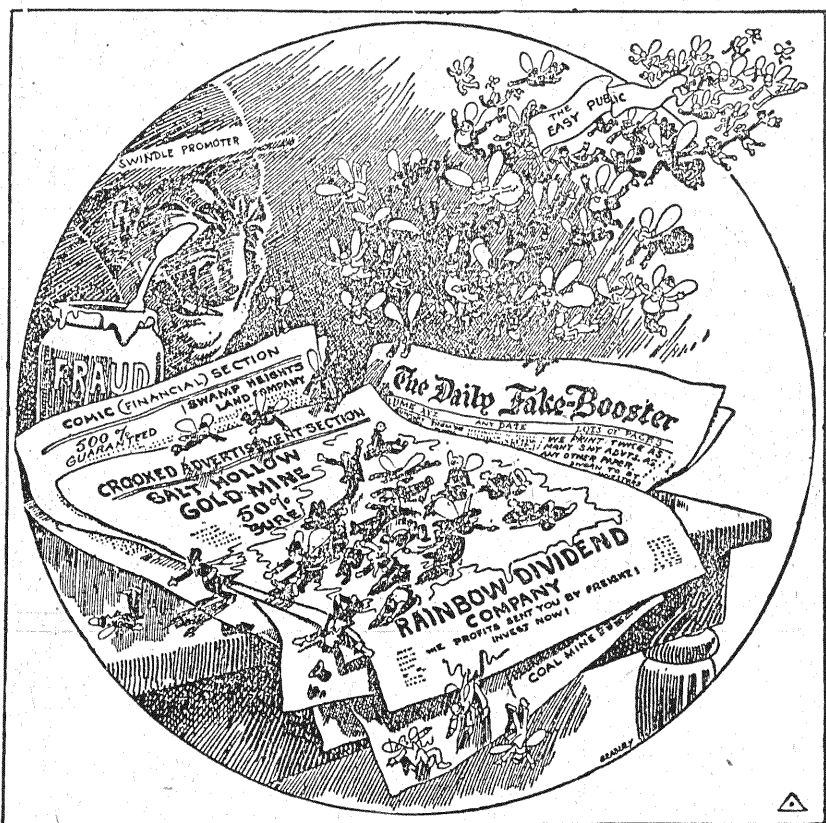
Thorpe smiled proudly. "You do not know them."

"By Jove!" cried the journalist in sudden enthusiasm. "By Jove, that is magnificent!"

The men on the river crew had crouched on their narrow footholds while the jam went out. Each had clung to his peavey, as is the habit of river men. Down the current past their feet swept the debris of flood. Soon logs began to swirl by—at first few, then many—from the remaining rollways which the river had automatically broken. In a little time the eddy caught up some of these logs, and immediately another jam threatened. The river men, without hesitation, as calmly as though catastrophe had not thrown the weight of its moral terror against their stoicism, sprang peavey in hand, to the insistent work.

Thorpe's face lit with gratification. He turned to the young man.

## FLY TIME.



It's easy enough to catch them if you have the sticky paper.

—Bradley in Chicago News.

"You see," he said in proud simplicity. With the added danger of fresher water, the work went on.

At this moment Tim Shearer approached from inland, his clothes dripping wet, but his face retaining its habitual expression of iron calmness. "Anybody caught?" was his first question as he drew near.

"Five men under the face," replied Thorpe briefly.

Shearer cast a glance at the river. He needed to be told no more.

"I was afraid of it," said he. "The rollways must be all broken out. It's saved us that much, but the fresher water won't last long. It's going to be a close squeak to get 'em out now. Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

"Where were you?" asked Thorpe.

"On the pole trail. I got in a little, as you see."

In reality the foreman had had a close call for his life.

"We'd better go up and take a look," he suggested. "The boys has things going here all right."

The two men turned toward the brush.

"Hi, Tim!" called a voice behind them.

Red Jacket appeared, clambering up the cliff.

"Jack told me to give this to you," he panted, holding out a chunk of strangely twisted wood.

"Where'd he get this?" inquired Thorpe quickly. "It's a piece of the dam," he explained to Wallace, who had drawn near.

"Picked it out of the current," replied the man.

The foreman and his boss bent eagerly over the morsel. Then they stared with solemnity into each other's eyes.

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Shearer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DOG RUSHES THE CAN.

Carries Ten Buckets of Beer to His Bowwow Friends.

Here's a nature fakir story that probably will draw the fire of Professor Long and President Roosevelt.

"The degeneracy of Fido, or what bad company will do even for a dog," would be an appropriate title. Raymond Rodgers of Cairo, Ill., has a dog named Fido. It is a very smart dog and has been trained to "rush the can" for its master. Recently he met Scottie, a saloon keeper's dog, who is said to have an unlimited capacity for beer.

That night Fido put in his appearance at the saloon. As usual the bar-keeper filled it and marked up 10 cents on the slate against Rodgers. In a few minutes Fido was back with the empty can. The dog had made ten trips when Rodgers himself had a thirst and he looked in vain for Fido. He went to investigate, and to his



FOUND FIDO AND FOUR OTHER DOGS LICKING BEER FROM THE BUCKET.

surprise found Fido and four other neighboring dogs licking up beer from the bucket in a vacant lot. Rodgers watched until Fido went after another can and then went in and stopped his game.

## WENT TO BED WITH CORPSE.

Exciting Experience of a Kentucky Editor in a Crowded Hotel.

Major James Morton, editor of the Harlan (Ky.) Free Press, was the victim of an exciting experience at a hotel at Grand Junction, Ky., which he will not soon forget. Nor will the two other persons who were principals in the comic tragedy find it easy to erase the episode from their memories.

Major Morton had missed his train and, going to the hotel late, asked for a room. The clerk said the house was crowded, but he "guessed" he could assign him to a room with another man who probably would have no objections.

By a mistake the major was sent to the wrong room. Not wishing to awaken his bed mate, the editor quietly disrobed and retired.

Presently a young man and woman entered the room and took seats near an open window. The major thought this procedure strange, but said nothing, listening to what they said. He heard something about "sitting up with the dead." He remembered that the person in the bed had not moved, and, reaching over, he touched his bed mate's hand. Major Morton jumped up with the sheet over him and ran out of the room. The young people, thinking the corpse had come to life, broke for a side door, and all met in the office on the first floor for explanations.

## Crazy Man Enlists In Army.

The United States army has been made a refuge by one crazy man. He is an escaped lunatic and will be returned to the institution in which he was confined a year ago. Last week J. A. Fitzsimmons, a recruit in the Columbus barracks, who enlisted in the cavalry two months ago, complained of nervousness and was admitted to the post hospital. He tried to chew the covers off the bed, and when questioned gave incoherent answers. He muttered something about Traverse City, Mich. Inquiries brought word from that city that Fitzsimmons had been confined in an insane hospital there and escaped a year ago.

## Pinching Bug Whips Chicken.

Men employed in the lumber yard of the American Car and Foundry company at Jeffersonville, Ind., witnessed a battle between a pinching bug and a chicken, in which the "pincher" won the day. The chicken turned up the bug, but the bug got first hold and clung closely to the chicken's neck, and the chicken could do nothing. The men stood around and made bets. As fast as the bug was shaken loose and the chicken renewed the attack, the "pincher" would rear up and steadily face its foe, and its determined resistance finally compelled the chicken to take flight.

## Snake Stampedes Court.

United States Deputy Marshal G. W. Hannah of Sapulpa, I. T., stirred up a large copperhead snake in the courthouse. Hannah started to move his desk a few feet from the wall, and in doing so disturbed the slumber of the snake, which had evidently been nesting behind the desk for several months. The marshal called to Frank Gillette, who was in the room, and together they succeeded in shooting the reptile. A stampede was created among the young women working in the courthouse when the snake began to dodge the marshal's shots.

## In the Wrong Order.

"He was married and went crazy," she said, referring to a statement in a morning paper.

"Granting that he had any sense in the first place," he returned, "you must have got the statement reversed."

"How do you mean?" she demanded. "He went crazy and married," makes it seem more plausible," he answered.

## STATE FAIR.

In connection with the night attractions to be offered at the State Fair at Detroit this year, the inspiring and brilliant pyrotechnic spectacle, "The Eruption of Vesuvius," will be the feature.

Nothing so elaborate has ever heretofore been attempted by Henry J. Pain. The magnitude of the production can best be appreciated when it



# Losey's China AND Grocery Store

We invite the public to call and be shown through our store which is filled with choice Groceries and Provisions, also see our window display of . . .

## Fancy China

Cash paid for Butter and Eggs for the next 30 days.  
Prompt delivery and fair treatment guaranteed.

**D. LOSEY**  
CASS CITY.

## Discrimination

in the choice of Flour will insure your turning out **White, Light and Delicious Bread**, especially when you use such high grade Flours as

### White Lily and Fanchon

They are sweet, nutritious and made from choice wheat.

A full line of Dairy and other Feeds.

## Cass City Roller Mills

C. W. HELLER CO.

## Land For Sale. TERMS TO SUIT.

### GREENLEAF, SANILAC COUNTY.

E 1/2 of N W 1/4, Sec. 18, town 14, North Range 12 East, 80 acres, good land.  
NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 19, town 14, North Range 12 East, 40 acres, good land.  
NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 22, town 14, North Range 12 East, 40 acres, good land.  
E 1/2 of SE 1/4, Sec. 29, town 14, North Range 12 East, 80 acres, good land.  
SE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Sec. 30, town 14, North Range 12 East, 40 acres, good land.

### ELKLAND, TUSCOLA COUNTY.

NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Sec. 17, town 14, North Range 11 East, 40 acres # Imp.  
NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, Sec. 35, town 14, North Range 11 East, 40 acres, 1 1/2 miles from Cass City.

### NOVESTA, TUSCOLA COUNTY.

W FR 1/2 of SW 1/4 lying west and north of Cass river, Sec. 6.

### COLUMBIA, TUSCOLA COUNTY.

NE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 10, 14, 9, 40, 1/2 mile from Railroad Station.

## CHARLES MONTAGUE, Caro, Michigan.

## There are Legions

of young men and women, working at manual labor for \$1 to \$1.50 a day.

It isn't enough.

They're too good for it.

Manual labor is honorable, to be sure, but there are plenty to look after it, at small wages. Why not let the

### BAY CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

equip you with such an education as will, all your life, lift you out of the rut of the low-priced, crowded vocations, and place you in a position, for which the business world is willing to pay well?

Our business course gives you actual practice.

It teaches you how to grasp the real problems of business, and solve them.

Such are the young men and women the world needs today.

It will hunt you up.

You won't have to hunt it up.

Be prepared when the call comes.

Enroll now for our Fall Term, which opens Sept. 3rd.

Each graduate is placed in touch with a business office.

Interesting catalog free.

## Bay City Business College,

Sixth and Washington Sts., BAY CITY, MICH.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Pigeon vs. Cass City Monday.

George Riker is visiting at his parental home.

Mrs. Fred Buerk is visiting in Saginaw this week.

Miss Lila Fritz has been visiting in Caro the past week.

Miss Madeline Auten is assisting in the Cass City Bank.

M. Carolan of Detroit spent Sunday with friends in town.

P. S. Gregory and family returned from Oak Bluff Friday.

M. A. Parent went to Caseville on a business trip Tuesday.

Jas. W. Heller of Kingston was in town Monday on business.

D. A. Freeman of Romeo spent Sunday with friends in town.

B. F. Benkelman left Wednesday for a few days' visit in Saginaw.

Miss Hester McKim has returned from a visit with Detroit friends.

Miss Nellie Toles spent the first of the week in Leonard on business.

Earl Heller has returned home after spending a few days at Oak Bluff.

Glen Eno of Pontiac spent Sunday with relatives and friends in town.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Bergey are attending the campmeeting at Capac.

Mrs. K. M. Morris and Mrs. Fred Hemerick were callers in town Friday.

Clarence E. Maxwell of Lennox was the guest of friends in town last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Auten were the guests of friends in Caro on Wednesday.

Chas. E. Patterson is in Canboro this week, employed at carpenter work.

Miss Carrie Robinson has gone to Bad Axe where she will visit with friends.

T. H. Conley of Brown City was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. L. Carolan, Sunday.

Fred Striffler left Tuesday for a few days' visit at his parental home at Argyle.

O. C. Russ left Monday morning on a business and pleasure trip to New York City.

W. D. Striffler and family of Argyle spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Miss Nancie MacArthur has accepted a position as teacher in a school at Goshen, Ind.

Miss Eva Keyser has gone to Port Huron where she expects to remain indefinitely.

Thomas Clement of Detroit spent Sunday with his family and other friends here.

Alex Miller returned home last week from Detroit where he has been several weeks.

Cassius Wells of Armada is in this vicinity this week on a business and pleasure trip.

Allen Ross, who has been employed in Cleveland, Ohio, has returned to his home here.

Alfred Freeman of Beaulieu is now employed in the hardware store of N. Bigelow & Sons.

Elder Richards and Rev. and Mrs. Stephenson visited at the home of P. Marks this week.

Ernest Armstrong of Bad Axe spent last Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Parent.

G. Harris of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Maxwell, west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Morrison of Gagetown were the guests of Mrs. Robert Wallace on Monday.

Mrs. W. Falls entertained a company of friends last Saturday afternoon at a tea party.

P. S. Gregory and daughter, Miss Ethel, were the guests of friends in Caro on Tuesday.

Miss Thomas of Tyre is a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Treadgold this week.

Mrs. M. J. McGillivray has gone to Saginaw where she will visit with relatives and friends.

Miss Edie McIntosh of Pontiac spent Sunday with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Sophia Matzen has gone to Bay Port where she will spend a few days camping with friends.

Mrs. J. O. Duryee of Hopkins is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. W. Clough, for a few days.

Everybody is invited to the ice cream social at the home of Robert Brown Friday evening.

Charlie Allard of Cass City is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kile.—Caro Advertiser.

Mrs. G. G. Beebe and daughter, Miss Bernice, of Williamston are the guests of friends in town.

Miss Lura DeWitt left Monday morning for an extended visit with relatives in Pennsylvania.

Miss Lucy Parker left the first of the week for Detroit and Cleveland and will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. G. A. Striffler and little son, Ervin, left Thursday for a visit with relatives in Manitowoc, Wis.

Mrs. G. Scriver spent Wednesday in Cass City the guest of Mrs. M. L. Moore.—Bad Axe Republican.

Mrs. A. A. Hitchcock returned home this week from a visit with friends at West Branch and other places.

Miss Anna Stickle of Detroit is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Prutchey and other friends.

Mrs. E. E. Lee of Caro spent several days last week with her husband, who is agent at the P. O. & N. depot.

Miss Fern Stevenson of Cass City was a guest of Miss Catherian Dora of Tuscola this week.—Vassar Times.

Mrs. O. C. Russ and little daughter have returned home from a visit with friends and relatives in Lake Odessa.

Mrs. G. Cody of Whittemore was a guest at the home of Mrs. Robert Wallace the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Slattery of North Branch are the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. L. Carolan.

Miss Mae Mark returned home from Sandusky Sunday where she has been attending the teachers' institute.

Mrs. Wm. C. Smith returned home Tuesday evening from Detroit where she attended the funeral of her brother.

George Burg, who has been attending the business college at Ypsilanti, is spending a week at his parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parent returned Monday from several days visit with friends at Cass City—Bad Axe Republican.

Wm. Ball left Tuesday morning on a business trip to Pt. Huron. Mrs. Ball and two daughters are visiting in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hulbert of Stanton are the guests of the former's brothers, C. W. and Henry Hulbert, and families.

Mrs. John Ball was called to Pontiac again on Tuesday owing to the continued illness of her mother, Mrs. Frank Pitcher.

On Monday evening, Aug. 26, several of the young people of Cass City will participate in a gold medal contest at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schwarzer left on Saturday for a visit with friends and relatives in Newbury and other points in Ontario.

The Royal Neighbors will serve ice cream and cake in the Gillies building next Saturday afternoon and evening. Everybody welcome.

Misses Gladys Lenzer and Hazel Lauderbach were the guests of Miss Hester McKim in Novesta township the first of the week.

More locals on last page.

Lost—Between Model and D. R. Graham's residence, a centerpiece. Return to Mrs. D. R. Graham. 8-13-1\*

Warning

If you have kidney and bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. L. I. Wood & Co.

## The Fool's School

It makes a fellow laugh if he has ever seen a **SANITARY PARAGON WASHING MACHINE**, to see the "old fogey" washers coming out every now and then, with gilded hoops or new fangled legs or some other "blind," to make them go on the humbugged public as a brand new idea, when, in reality, the business-end is the same old thing as you will find out behind the wood-shed at nearly every house in the country, used but a few times and condemned as a "back-breaker," a "button-smasher," and a "clothes-eater."

Still, the factory confined to these fossilized ideas, can't be blamed if the public has not, after forty years in the School of Experience, learned that the old "rub," "rub" way of most washing machines, has all the evils of the wash-board and more.

"Fools can learn in no other" than the afore-said school says the maxim, but in these days, fools fail to learn even by the hard knocks of Experience.

We commend the intelligence of the **FORTY HOUSEWIVES** in this vicinity who have ousted the wash-board, the old style washing-machine, and the cloth-destroying washing-compounds, and have adopted **THE SANITARY PARAGON WASHER**, the only scientifically built and sanitary washer ever made for use in the household laundry work. It is constructed on the same principle as that used in the **STEAM LAUNDRY WASHERS** found in every laundry in the country.

If you want a **PARAGON WASHER** for **FIFTEEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, phone us and your next washing will be a pleasure instead of a fit of the "blues" for the whole family.

**N. BIGELOW & SONS.**

---Arrange To Enter---

## The Port Huron Business University TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1907.

and take advantage of our special rate to all who enter at that time. From the fact that we enrolled nearly one hundred students during the first six months seems to indicate that our work is meeting with public favor. Our shorthand and commercial courses are unrivaled. Why attend an inferior school? Cheap tuition means cheap teachers and cheap instruction. The best is always the cheapest—everybody knows that. Our students receive more than their money's worth, because we are thorough and work for the student's interest. It will pay you to attend the best. A postal card will bring you our new Journal and full particulars. Do it now.

W. G. WOLLASTON, Prin. Port Huron, Mich.

## Real Estate FOR SALE.

Eighty acres, all cleared, three miles from good town and eight miles from railroad. Brick house, good large barn, out buildings, wind mill, farm well fenced. At a bargain, if sold at once. \$3,000 takes it.

The following described land, in Novesta township:  
S. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4, Sec. 4, \$450.  
E. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 11, \$350.  
S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4, Sec. 11, \$250.

For further particulars enquire of

**C. D. STRIFFLER,**  
CASS CITY, MICH.

## FIT FOR A KING

The meats we sell are fit for a king. We chose nothing but prime stock for our patrons and we take pride in cutting meats to please our customers. May we suggest a tender, juicy, toothsome roast for tomorrow's dinner?

**CENTRAL MEAT MARKET**  
ED. SCHWADERER, Proprietor.

A Chronicle Liner will sell it.







A New Orleans woman was thin.  
Because she did not extract sufficient  
nourishment from her food.

She took *Scott's Emulsion*.

Result:

She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

Mrs. Gray—You say Mrs. Greene dis-  
agreed with everything I said? Just  
like her! She never is on the right  
side of any question. Mrs. Brown—  
You misunderstood me. I said she  
agreed with everything you said. Mrs.  
Gray—H'm! That's a way she has of  
currying favor.—Boston Transcript.

### Home Treatment for Women

The Prescription of a Great Physician.

VALUE PROVEN

During Twenty Years of Actual  
Practice.

Probably one of the most successful  
medical specialists in the treatment  
of women's diseases was Dr. Pengelly.  
He formulated Zoa-Phora by using a  
number of medicinal ingredients,  
which experience had shown to be the  
best, and combined them in just the  
right proportions to produce the de-  
sired effect on woman's delicate organ-  
ism. During more than twenty years  
of actual medical practice, he invari-  
ably prescribed Zoa-Phora for the al-  
leviation of pain and for the perma-  
nent restoration of health to sick and  
ailing women.

Success to a marked degree attend-  
ed his treatment of all those diseases  
and derangements of the genital or-  
gans which are peculiar to women  
only. It is not necessary to enumer-  
ate here the various forms of weakness  
and disease—all women know what  
they are—which Dr. Pengelly treated  
so successfully by the use of Zoa-Phora.

Further proof of these statements,  
if desired, and more detailed informa-  
tion as to the results obtained from  
the use of Zoa-Phora, can be obtained  
by writing the Zoa-Phora Company,  
Kalamazoo, Mich. They will gladly  
answer all inquiries and will send you  
copies of letters from many women  
who volunteer words of praise for the  
doctor's treatment. Within a short  
time the demand for Zoa-Phora,  
brought about by the recommendation  
of women who had been blessed by its  
use, became so great that the doctor  
could not personally attend each pa-  
tient, and now Zoa-Phora is being sold  
by reliable druggists nearly every-  
where. It comes in sealed, sterilized,  
dollar bottles, already prepared, and  
compounded in just the right propor-  
tions. There can be no mistake if you  
ask for Zoa-Phora.

In each package will be found a  
copy of "Dr. Pengelly's Advice to Wom-  
en," a medical book giving interest-  
ing and instructive information about  
all diseases of women, and the way to  
successfully treat them in the privacy  
of your own home. You need not tell  
your troubles to any one.

## Notice to Canadian Subscribers.

A change in the postal laws of the Canadian govern-  
ment has increased the postal rate of newspapers pub-  
lished in the United States and sent to Canadian sub-  
scribers four fold, and in cases where papers are sent  
in single wraps the increase is even greater. This  
change in rates will make it necessary for us to in-  
crease the price of the Chronicle to Canadian subscrib-  
ers to \$1.50 a year.

ing at her parental home near Cum-  
ber.

Mr. Quinn of Cass City spent Sun-  
day evening at the home of John Mc-  
Phail.

Mr. and Mrs. Bloomberg of Pontiac  
were the guests of Mrs. Wm. Bennett  
Sunday.

Harry Bigham and sister, Lottie, of  
near Argyle attended church here  
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas and daugh-  
ter of Bay City are the guests of Thos.  
Hartwick.

Too late for last week.

Harry Bigham of Argyle spent Sun-  
day at John McPhail's.

Mrs. R. Edgerton returned home  
from near Gagetown Friday.

Robert Spencer from near Cumber  
spent Sunday at W. A. Foe's.

Miss Pearl Spencer from near Cumber  
spent Sunday with Adah Foe.

Mrs. J. Fulcher from near Cass  
City visited Mrs. Wm. Fulcher Satur-  
day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Edgerton visited  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Rice near Greenbank  
Sunday.

Mrs. A. E. Edgerton and son, Clif-  
ford, are visiting friends in Smith  
this week.

The Ladies' Aid which was held at  
the home of Mrs. J. McPhail Wednes-  
day, was well attended and a good  
time reported by all.

### "Everybody Should Know"

says C. G. Hays, a prominent business  
man of Bluff, Mo., that Bucklen's Arn-  
ica Salve is the quickest and surest heal-  
ing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or  
wound, or to a case of piles. I've used  
it and know what I'm talking about."  
Guaranteed by L. I. Wood & Co., and  
Ryan's drug store, 25c.

### NORTHEAST KINGSTON.

Mrs. James Rule is visiting friends  
and relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lee of Deford  
spent Sunday at Geo. Lee's.

Mrs. Eli Leek has returned from  
Highland, accompanied by Mrs. Julia  
Leek.

Mrs. Winfield and daughter, Kittle,  
of Chicago, are visiting the former's  
brother, Thos. Ashcroft.

Mrs. Roy Johnson and children of  
Akron are visiting the former's  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lee.

A very happy event took place at  
the home of Thos. Ashcroft at seven  
o'clock Saturday evening, the occasion  
being the marriage of his son, George,  
to Miss Ida Patterson.

### Hay Fever and Summer Colds.

Victims of hay fever will experience  
great benefit by taking Foley's Honey  
and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing  
immediately and heals the inflamed air  
passages, and even if it should fail to  
cure you it will give instant relief. The  
genuine is in a yellow package. L. I.  
Wood & Co.

### SHABBONA, R. F. D. No. 1.

Quite a number took in the Grange  
picnic at Snover.

Roy Ferguson made a business call  
in Argyle Monday.

John McAsh is in this vicinity talk-  
ing telephone to the farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. James McQueen en-  
tertained friends from Detroit last  
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown are en-  
tertaining their grandchildren from  
Deckerville this week.

Miss Blanch Travis returned home  
Sunday after spending a week with  
her little friend at Novesta.

### The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists  
are unanimous in the conclusion that  
the generally accepted limitation of human  
life is many years below the attainment  
possible with the advanced knowledge of  
which the race is now possessed. The  
critical period that determines its dura-  
tion, seems to be between 50 and 60; the  
proper care of the body during this de-  
cade cannot be too strongly urged, care-  
lessness then being fatal to longevity.  
Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric  
Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that  
rejuvenates every organ of the body.  
Guaranteed by L. I. Wood & Co. and  
Ryan's drug store, 50c.

### DEFORD, R. F. D. No. 3.

Mrs. John Elley is on the sick list.

Erastus Ackley is still on the sick  
list.

We are having very dry weather at  
present.

Julius Oesterle spent last Thursday  
at Bay Port.

Whitley McLean has invested in a  
threshing outfit.

Jesse King and Miss Hattie Oesterle  
spent last Thursday at Bay Port.

Howard Barriger and Miss Ethel  
Hoyt were united in marriage last  
Tuesday evening.

Gordon Arbor, A. O. G., expects  
to take in five or six new members  
Saturday evening, Aug. 24.

Mrs. Alva Kerbyson of Caro visited  
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Brum-  
ley, the first of the week.

Misses Martha Keilitz and Lena  
Rebuhr went to Frankenmuth to at-  
tend the wedding of their cousin.

Mrs. Mary D. Mosher, who has been  
at the resort at Bay Port for some  
time, returned home Saturday morn-  
ing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Dietz have gone  
to Colorado to visit the latter's sister,  
whom she has not seen for a number  
of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Drebnier are  
the proud parents of a little daughter  
that came to gladden their home last  
Wednesday night.

Elvin Balch, who has been at Bay  
Port all summer with his merry-go-  
round, spent Friday and Saturday  
with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. T.  
Balch.

Herman Oesterle had a fire in his  
chip yard a few days ago and in some  
way it started on his hen house and  
burned considerable of it, but the fire  
was finally put out.

Orido Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold  
under a positive guarantee to cure con-  
stipation, sick headache, stomach trou-  
ble, or any form of indigestion. If it  
fails, the manufacturers refund your  
money. What more can anyone do. L.  
I. Wood & Co.

### CUMBER.

Very hot and dry.

M. McIntyre is able to be out again.  
Mr. Baker lost a valuable colt re-  
cently.

Mrs. McKichan is visiting at Ward  
Law's.

L. D. Mills has started to build a  
store.

Mrs. Chester Wells was visiting in  
this vicinity recently.

The oat crop is very light on ac-  
count of the dry weather.

A daughter of Sam Gibbards is vis-  
iting here from Pontiac.

Harry Laing of Detroit is visiting  
his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas.  
Greenleaf.

Mr. and Mrs. David McIntosh of  
Detroit are visiting the latter's moth-  
er, Mrs. Nevil.

Wilkinson Bros. of Imlay City have  
started a blacksmith shop here, which  
was badly needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cannady and  
Hattie Wilson of Detroit are the  
guests of Frank Price.

School will soon re-open with Miss  
Fletcher from the southern part of  
Sanilac county as teacher.

### NOVESTA.

Mrs. O. D. Avery has returned to  
her home in Pontiac after visiting her  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Justin, for  
some time.

Miss Belle Livingston, who has been  
visiting friends in Saginaw and Bay  
City, has returned home.

Mrs. Jennie Horton and children,  
who have been visiting friends in this  
vicinity, left to visit friends in Sagi-  
naw and Bay City before returning to  
their home in Pontiac.

Little Miss Helen Koons is visiting  
her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.  
Justin, at present.

An ice cream social will be held at  
the home of Robert Warner, Wednes-  
day, August 28. All are invited.

John Beebehyser and his sister,  
Miss Lizzie, visited friends in Owe-  
ndale Sunday.

An Opportunity Slighted.

"Why don't you buy stock in that  
company?"  
"It doesn't seem to me that the men  
running it have good business judg-  
ment. They say that in a month the  
price of the stock will be double what  
it is selling at now."  
"Yes?"  
"Well, then, why don't they wait a  
month before selling it to me?"—Wash-  
ington Star.

Endorsed by the County.

"The most popular remedy in Otsego  
county and the best friend of my family,"  
writes Wm. M. Dietz, editor and pub-  
lisher of the Otsego Journal, Gilberts-  
ville, N. Y., "is Dr. King's New Discov-  
ery. It has proved to be an infallible  
cure for coughs and colds, making short  
work of the worst of them. We always  
keep a bottle in the house. I believe it  
to be the most valuable prescription  
known for Lung and Throat diseases." Guaranteed to never disappoint the  
taker, by L. I. Wood & Co. and Ryan's  
drug store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial  
bottle free.

### BEAULEY.

Mrs. Frank Reader is on the sick  
list.

Laverne Field and Helen Parr have  
the whooping cough.

The Ladies' Aid met on Thursday  
at Mrs. John Dickhout's.

Mable Highfield of Detroit is visit-  
ing with her mother here.

Harry Koppelberger of Cass City is  
employed at Mr. Finkle's.

The company machine has com-  
menced the season's threshing.

Ethel Reader is spending the week  
with her sister, Mrs. Harder, in Bad  
Axe.

Belle McDermott of Cass City is the  
guest of her cousins, Allen and Vera  
McDermott.

Mr. and Miss Decue of Flint are  
visiting at the home of their sister,  
Mrs. J. Dickhout.

Home Pratt will commence this  
week as water boy with Chas. Evert's  
threshing machine.

E. Reader is having a pretty veranda  
placed on his house which was the  
only thing lacking to complete the  
beauty of his splendid residence.

Geo. Hitchcock is improving his  
farm residence here by giving it two  
coats of paint and remodeling it prior  
to Mack Nickerson moving into the  
same.

S. Walsh, our mail carrier on route  
one from Owendale, had the misfor-  
tune to have his horses run away on  
Monday. He was not hurt but his  
buggy was broken.

The Cass City Telephone Co. placed  
phones in the following homes here  
last Friday and Saturday: R. Parr,  
J. W. Dickhout, Hugh McDermott,  
John Finkle, L. J. Carroll, F. P.  
Thompson, M. Crawford, A. Hoffman,  
John H. Moore and Chas. Hartsell.  
One was also placed in D. McDonald's  
store.

We hear complaints made on other  
lines about the Beasley people using  
their new phones too much. Now,  
we hope our people will take timely  
warning and cease to use the phone  
for matters of no consequence while  
if they listened they could at the same  
time hear business matters being  
talked farther away.

### RESCUE.

Mrs. F. Burnham is on the sick list.  
Mrs. J. Heron has returned home  
from an extended visit in Canada.

Mrs. D. Schenck and child and Mrs.  
S. Patterson and three children of St.  
Ste. Marie are visiting their mother,  
Mrs. Wm. McCauley.

Glen and Miss Gladys Duffield vis-  
ited in Elkton last week.

J. McKenzie of Cass City is treat-  
ing the school house to a fresh coat  
of paint.

Miss Dola Frasier of North Branch  
visited her parents here Sunday. She  
also visited Miss Maude Ottaway.

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss.

Frank S. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 24th day of December, A. D. 1918. (Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Embarrassing.

Guest (to inebriated looking man in the corner)—Awfully stupid affair, don't you think?  
"No doubt of it."  
"No man would ever dream of giving a mixed up thing of this sort."  
"That's what I told my wife."  
"Have I met your wife?"  
"Very likely you have. She's the woman that's giving the party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A somewhat bashful man desired to propose to a girl, but was in doubt how to do it. Suddenly he picked up the young woman's cat and said, "Kitty, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the young lady, who replied, "Say yes, puss!"—Kansas City Star.

## When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

# ECZEMA CAN BE CURED

Eczema is the most stubborn form of skin disease, but we guarantee a permanent cure.  
Wonderful Dream Salve used according to directions kills the disease germ, softens the dry, scabby condition, restoring the diseased surface to a healthy condition.  
W. D. S. Pills keep the bowels active and doing their work of cleansing the system and purifying the blood.

Genlemen:  
If anyone should desire to know of the healing power of Wonderful Dream Salve for the cure of eczema just refer them to me. I have been troubled with eczema for fourteen years. Have had a spot on my leg between the knee and instep. All that time, during those fourteen years, I have tried hundreds of salves, lotions, washes, mineral baths, X-ray treatments, everything in fact, except the faith cure. It remained for your Wonderful Dream Salve to accomplish the only permanent cure. I had just expended \$30.00 with a skin specialist in trying to effect a cure, without success, when I was told to try your Wonderful Dream Salve. I certainly consider this a remarkable cure, inasmuch as I have spent hundreds of dollars in the fourteen years of annoyance with this troublesome itching skin ailment. I have since the cure of my case, heard of other cures, some of them even more remarkable than mine, which go toward demonstrating the value of Wonderful Dream Salve as a great skin healer.

Yours truly,  
3rd floor Stevens Building, J. T. KEALEY.  
Guaranteed to cure Eczema or money re-  
funded. 10c, 25c and \$1.00.  
Write for sample and Free book containing 300  
dreams and their meaning.  
THE WONDERFUL DREAM SALVE CO.,  
DETROIT, MICH.

## Wonderful Dream Salve

For sale and recommended by L. I. Wood &  
Co., Druggists.

## If You Are Sick

It is because some of the organs of the body are not doing their work well. There is a lack of that nervous energy that gives them motion. Consequently you are weak, worn-out, nervous, irritable, cannot sleep; have headache, indigestion, etc. because there is not sufficient nerve force to keep the organs active and allow them to perform their natural functions. Dr. Miles' Nerve restores health because it restores this nervous energy.

"I have been sick for a year, and did not know what was the matter with me. I tried many remedies and none of them proved of any value. I heard of Dr. Miles' Nerve. I procured a bottle, and before I had taken half of it I was better. I would have had nervous prostration if I had not got this medicine. I do not con-  
tinue to take it until I was entirely well. I have since recommended it to five of my medical friends, and they have all thanked me for doing so, for it benefited them all."  
MRS. ROSSETTO,  
189 S. 3d St., Columbus, Ohio.  
Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will cure you. If it fails, he will refund your money.  
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



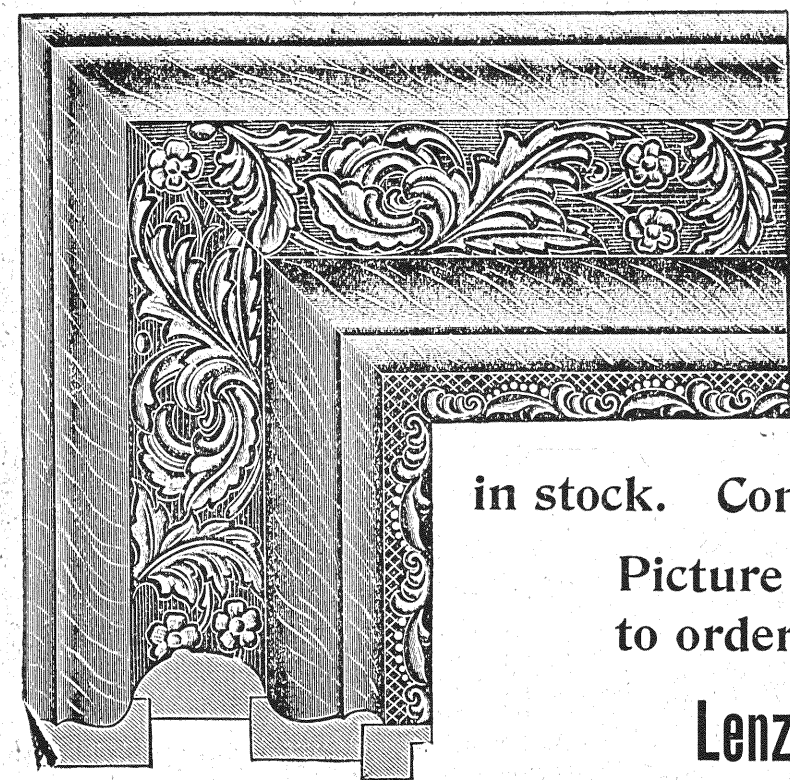
## DROPS

A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE  
REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia,  
Kidney Trouble and  
Kidney Diseases

**GIVES QUICK RELIEF**  
Applied externally it affords almost in-  
stant relief from pain, while permanent  
results are being effected by taking it in-  
ternally, purifying the blood, dissolving  
the poisonous substance and removing it  
from the system.  
**DR. S. D. BLAND**  
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:  
"I had been suffering for a number of years  
with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and  
legs, and tried all the remedies that I could  
get from medical works, and was con-  
vinced that I was never cured. I consulted  
with a number of the best physicians, but found  
nothing that would give me any relief. I  
procured a bottle of Dr. Bland's '5-DROPS,'  
and I shall prescribe it in my practice  
for Rheumatism and kindred diseases."  
**DR. C. L. GATES**  
Hancock, Minn., writes:  
"A little girl here had such a weak back caused  
by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she  
could not stand on her feet. The moment they  
put her down on the floor she would scream with  
pain. I treated her with '5-DROPS' and today  
she runs around as well and happy as can be.  
I prescribe '5-DROPS' for my patients and use  
it in my practice."

## FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism,  
Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney  
Trouble or any kindred disease, write to  
us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS."  
**PURELY VEGETABLE**  
"5-DROPS" is entirely free from opium,  
cocaine, morphine, alcohol, laudanum,  
and other similar ingredients.  
Large Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (500 Doses)  
Small Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (100 Doses)  
**SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,**  
Dept. 43, 174 Lake Street, Chicago



One hundred  
sixty-five  
Different  
Kinds of  
Picture  
Mouldings

in stock. Come and see them.

Picture Frames made  
to order....

Lenzner's Furniture Store.



# George Ade Fables

## The Fearsome Feud Between the First Families.

[Copyright, 1902, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.]



KIDDING THE PERFORMANCE.

Once there grew up alongside of a Railroad Track an overgrown Village that refused to be called a Town, so it was known as a City. It had a Water Tower, a Court House, a Park, and a Steam Laundry. On the Main Street was a Business College where the Yokels learned in nine weeks how to be Merchant Princes. Also a Trolley Line that ran as far out as the Cemetery and then threw up both Hands. The Particular Pride of the Place was a \$2.50 Hotel with a Flled Floor and a Ladies' Parlor so Magnificent that no one had been known to use it.

All the Residents of this Progressive Community took their Cues from two Families that controlled more or less Bank Stock and had Fountains playing in the Front Yard, to say nothing of Senegambians to look after the Horses. These two Tribes, the Winkles and the Skilligans, were the real three-X Gon-sabas.

One of the many Diversions planned by the high-collared Residents, so that they might temporarily forget where they were living, was Amateur Theatricals.

Two or three times every Season the Club gave a Show at the local Temple of Art. After all Expenses had been paid, the Net Proceeds, which sometimes ran as high as \$18, went to Charity. This was another Case in which Charity covered a Multitude of Sins.

At one of these Dramatic Treats it was decided to put on the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Wm. Shakespeare was in no Position to get out an Injunction, and the Club had such a Social Drag that no one dared to set fire to the Opera-House in order to head off the Massacre.

It was unanimously agreed that Mr. Philo Quackenbush was the Boy to do Romeo. He was Golf Champion, having done 9 Holes in 58 on a Course which made it necessary to Putt with a Loffer. Besides, he had led the German every Year for 18 years and had Relatives in New York City.

But when it came to the selection of Juliet there were two Candidates, as follows: Mrs. Skilligan and Mrs. Winkle. Each of these estimable Ladies had a kind of in ward Hunch that she could revive Memories of Mary Anderson and Maude Adams some- where

back of the Flag. Mrs. Skilligan was tall, fibrous, and weighed 108 when in Condition. She had a Daughter who was a Sophomore, and that was why some of her Enemies said that she was too far along to look the Part of Juliet. Just the same, Mrs. Skilligan wanted a Whack at it, for what she lacked in Looks and Youthfulness, she could make up in Jewelry. So she began to lay her Pipes and do some tall Scheming.

In the mean time, Mrs. Winkle was studying the Lines and checking off the Names of all Members who would not dare to throw her down. Mrs. Winkle could see herself on the Balcony giving an entirely new Interpretation of the Part. She had discovered certain Hidden Meanings in the Lines, and she wanted to hand out the Immortal Hot Stuff in such a Way that Folks would forget all about Julia Marlowe and those other ordinary Actresses who were after the Coin, regardless of Art.

The Stage-Manager employed by the bold Amateurs was an Ex-Legit who had lost his Voice asking for Salary. He plucked up Courage and ventured to ask Mrs. Winkle if she didn't think she was a little too strong on the Measurements to be the girlish Capulet.

"Oh, Piekles!" quoth Mrs. Winkle. "I'm just about the size of May Irwin, and she's a lovely Actress. Besides, I'll wear something Loose, so that they can't see my Real Shape."

The Stage-Manager said no more, for he needed the Money.

The Club had a Meeting and the Lady who carried Weight for Age beat out the Anti-Fat Candidate. Mrs. Winkle was elected the Ideal Juliet by a Majority of One, and some were mean enough to say that she voted for Herself. As for Mamma Skilligan, she was not Put Out a Particle. Not on your Facial Expression! A good many Competent Judges had told her that Shakespeare must have had her in mind when he wrote the Part, but if the Club preferred a large, coarse Creature to tackle that beautiful Stuff, let it go at that!

Just to prove that she wasn't Miffed she bought all of the lower Boxes, and on the Night of the Performance she gave a Dinner-Party at which the Gentlemen proceeded to tea up and roast the Large Party, in spite of anything she could say to choke them off. Along about 9 o'clock she said it was time to go down and watch the Balloon go up. The Push landed in at the Opera-House just in time to break up the Scene in which the Child Sweetheart sighs and wonders where Romeo is. The whole Outfit came into the Boxes and upset Chairs and begged everybody else to take the front Seats and called for Programmes. By the time they settled down and got ready to kid the Performance, the large White Mass up on the Shelf didn't know whether she was playing Juliet or Bridge Whist. She got twisted on her Lines, so that Romeo, with the Red Mustaches, skipped a couple of speeches. Then the Moon shifted a few Feet and the Balcony squeaked and promised to give way, and some one in the Skilligan Party made a low Crack that started a Giggle. Juliet lasted, but she was too Pink for Words.

Then Mrs. Skilligan said she was sorry for the Poor Thing, for it really wasn't her Fault, as she had been bunkoed into thinking she was Good.

Juliet had 8 Curtain Calls, or two more than Melba's Record, and before the Night was over she received so many Flowers and was complimented so often by those who came up to her little Supper-Party that she had a good Notion to leave Winkle and go and work for Charley Frohman. In fact, at 3 a. m. she was ready to make Affidavit that she had Virginia Har- ned, Max- fine Ellil- ott, and M a r y M a n n e r i n g completely thrown back into the Chorus.

Next day the Paper said that she was Great, and she took 200 Extra Copies and read them all herself and then sent a few to the Skilligans.

About a month after that Mrs. Skilligan gave a Fancy-Dress Ball, with Costumes all the Way from St. Louis, and three kinds of Punch on the Dining-Room Table. Lady Skilligan did Queen Elizabeth, with \$80,000 worth of Rock Crystals hanging to her. Mrs. Winkle came, for fear People might think she cherished some Animosity against her crushed and fallen Rival, and when she sized up against the Hostess she fell backward and took the Count, for she was only a Dresden Shepherdess.

She went home and began to whet her Axe, and the first Thing any one knew she had the U. S. Senator right up at her House and a few Friends in to see him Bat and no Skilligans in the List.

Then the Carpenters at Work enlarging the Skilligan House and a Grand Reception with imported Music and no Winkles there to hear it.

After which a quiet Evening at the Winkles and the Souvenirs costing \$18 per. In due Time a private Vaudeville at the Skilligans and Expense cutting no Figure, the same as at Newport.

Then two Men meeting at the Court-House, where the Bankruptcy Papers are fixed up. They silently shook Hands, and then Skilligan said to Winkle, "It's a Dead Heat."

MORAL: The Men are always the first to Quit.

**BABY IN THE BOX.**  
"Take This Gift to Your Wife," Said Stranger to Detroit Man.

A coupe drew up at Charles B. Cryer's store, in Michigan avenue, Detroit, the other day, and a woman alighted with a large box which she requested him to take home to his wife.

After delivering the package he waited to see what friend had been so generous in remembering his wife.

He watched her untie the cords and lift the cover of the box, and there lay a baby girl about a month old, asleep with the nipple of a nursing bottle in her mouth.

The little stranger was neatly dressed, and attached to the clothing was a note asking Mr. and Mrs. Cryer to keep the child.

There lay a baby girl.

Probably no trade secrets are more jealously guarded than the modus operandi employed by manufacturers of shoe laces. The braiding process is the main bone of contention, being the most intricate end of the work. Lest counterfeiters should attempt to duplicate sections, there are no automatic shoe lace making machines placed on the market, either in this country or abroad. In order to insure protection against possible spies about the plant different parts for the machine are wrought or cast at various distant points, whence they are shipped to headquarters and there put together. In the assembling of divisional members the utmost care is exercised that no prying eyes are around the factory. In some instances the artisans are sworn to secrecy.—New York Press.

## SECRET MISSIVES.

Solutions That Produce Writing Invisible Until Treated. Ovid, in his "Art of Love," teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing their love letters with new milk and to make the writing appear by rubbing coal dust over the paper. Any thick and viscous fluid, such as the glutinous and colorless juices of plants, aided by any colored powder, will answer the purpose equally well. A quill pen should be used.

The most common method is to pen an epistle in ordinary ink, interlined with the invisible words, which doubtless has given rise to the expression, "reading between the lines," in order to discover the true meaning of a communication. Letters written with a solution of gold, silver, copper, tin or mercury dissolved in aqua fortis, or simpler still, of iron or lead in vinegar, with water added until the liquor does not stain the white paper, will remain invisible for two or three months if kept in the dark, but on exposure for some hours to the open air will gradually acquire color or will do so instantly on being held before the fire. Each of these solutions gives its own peculiar color to the writing—gold a deep violet, silver slate, and lead and copper brown.

There is a vast number of other solutions that become visible on exposure to heat or when having a heated iron passed over them. The explanation is that the matter is readily burned to a sort of charcoal. Simplest among these are lemon juice and milk, but the one that produces the best results is made by dissolving a scruple of sal ammoniac in two ounces of water.

Several years ago Professor Braylants of the University of Louvain discovered a method in which no ink at all was required to convey a secret message. He laid several sheets of note paper on each other and wrote on the uppermost with a pencil, then selected one of the under sheets on which no marks of the writing were visible. On exposing this sheet to the vapor of iodine for a few minutes it turned yellowish, and the writing appeared of a violet brown color. On further moistening the paper it turned blue, and the letters showed in violet lines. The explanation is that note paper contains starch, which under pressure becomes "hydramide" and turns blue in the iodine fumes. It is best to write on a hard surface, say a pane of glass. Sulphuric acid gas will make the writing disappear again, and it can be revived a second time.

One of the simplest secret writings, however, to which Professor Gross of Germany calls attention as being used in prisons, is the following:

Take a sheet of common writing paper, moisten it well with clear water and lay it on a hard, smooth surface, such as glass, tin, stone, etc. After removing carefully all air bubbles from the sheet place upon it another dry sheet of equal size and write upon it your communication with a sharp pointed pencil or a simple piece of pointed hard wood. Then destroy the dry paper upon which the writing has been done and allow the wet paper to dry by exposing it to the air, but not to the heat of fire or the flame of a lamp. When dry not a trace of the writing will be visible. But on moistening the sheet again with clear water and holding it against the light the writing can be read in a clear transparency. It disappears again after drying in the air and may be reproduced by moistening a great number of times. Should the sheets be too much heated, however, the writing will disappear, never to reappear again.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Punishment Fits the Crime.**  
New Zealand fits punishment to crime. Thus, at Wanganui, when certain sawyers troubled their neighbors by their drunken freaks the delinquents were made to pay the fines imposed in such labor as they were accustomed to and were set to sawing wood with which to build a prison. The result was that rather than transgress again they vanished from the locality as soon as the building was complete.

Men who are not considered chronic criminals are subjected occasionally by experiments in this country to a course of Turkish baths, followed by showers and by a cold douche, the idea being that their criminal instincts are due to physical degeneracy which may be thus counteracted.

A Massachusetts town punishes female offenders by giving them at first poor clothes and cracked crockery from which to take their food, good dresses and better table equipment being provided and leave being given to keep pet animals as an improvement in their conduct is made manifest.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Mystery of Shoe Laces.**  
Probably no trade secrets are more jealously guarded than the modus operandi employed by manufacturers of shoe laces. The braiding process is the main bone of contention, being the most intricate end of the work. Lest counterfeiters should attempt to duplicate sections, there are no automatic shoe lace making machines placed on the market, either in this country or abroad. In order to insure protection against possible spies about the plant different parts for the machine are wrought or cast at various distant points, whence they are shipped to headquarters and there put together. In the assembling of divisional members the utmost care is exercised that no prying eyes are around the factory. In some instances the artisans are sworn to secrecy.—New York Press.



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**Running the Interurban.**  
Yesterday I went with pa, on the motor riding. He's the man 'at runs the cars clear to Hinckley's Sidin'! Father sez that I kin go, if I want to—maybe! Then he lafs and sez good bye to my ma and baby. I g'ist jump around like time—next thing, I am ready— Yaw had ought to see my pa hold the old thing steady!

Father says, "Don't talk so much! Can't you see I'm busy?" Then we way we scoot along almost makes me dizzy. Purty soon we leave the town and the smoky city. I tell pa, "Must we come back?" "Ain't the country pritty?" There is heaps of clover blooms and a brook that's tinkly—I tell you, I like to ride with my pa to Hinckley!

Then he lets me run the car on the down grade gilding. He g'ist puts his hand on mine, but he's only guiding. Then we have to turn around and I'm oful sleepy— Something in the air, I guess, brings the sand man, creepy. "Here! Wake up!" I hear my pa in the biggest hurry; You will have to stay awake, if the bees IS purry.

"We don't hire no sleepy-heads all the five-cents losing— You won't git no job a tall if you don't quit snoozing!" Then we quit the car we're on and we run another. Back to where we left our home, baby-boy and mother. Pa sez if I'm good a week I kin go a-riding. Some nice day acin with him, out to Hinckley's Sidin'!

**A Wise Dog.**  
A friend of mine has a very wise pup, sometimes pronounced "purp" by the unappreciative. The pup has been in the family a long time. In fact, he isn't a pup at all any more but a sober, staid, reliable, middle-aged dog.

In this particular family there is a fine old lady. At least my friend says she is a fine old lady, and I believe him. I suppose she wears those neat lace caps, tortoise-shell glasses, white frocks, has white hair and rocks in a cool corner all day. She keeps sweet and preaches a sermon that has for a text, "This world is a very happy old world if you will just treat it right!"

Sometimes the family goes to church and leaves this nice old lady and the dog at home. At any rate, they did once, and that's all we care about. On this particular morning, the Sunday paper hadn't been delivered, and as usual "there wasn't a thing in the house to read." Now, the nice old lady couldn't get the paper because she isn't an acrobat any longer and it was a long ways down to the ground floor from the top of the flat.

After awhile, however, she decided to try. So she started haltingly down the stairs. It took her a long time, but finally she reached the bottom and there through the door she could see the Sunday paper in all its vari-colors, waiting to be taken up stairs.

And then she discovered that the middle hall door was locked and she couldn't get the paper without going up stairs, getting the key and making the trip all over again! This was too much for her and she called the dog. In language supposed to be understood by dogs, she showed him the paper and told him to go down the back stairs and get it. Then she started on her return trip. After a while she reached the top and found the dog waiting with:

"The sporting page! 'Mercy!' exclaimed the nice old lady, "that isn't what I want. Go down and bring all the paper! Go get it!"

And the dog scampered away. In the course of a few minutes, he returned and dropped at her feet: The society page!

Having brought these two highly interesting sections, the dog refused to try his judgment further—and the nice old lady had to look at the funny (?) pictures in the baseball department and read about pink teas for two hours.

"It is merely a question of whose literary taste is the better—mine or the dog's," said the nice old lady when she told the family all about it on their return from church.

**Repetition.**  
Some low-browed plebian out in Denver has referred to a woman, lovely woman, as a "repeater." Two young people bet on a church fair election. The wager was a pair of opera glasses against 300 kisses. The woman "just knew she would win the bet, or, of course, she wouldn't have wagered!" Of course! But, horrors! there were more pumpkin seeds in the pumpkin than she had ever dreamed of—and she lost.

The young man went up to the house the very next night to claim his wager. The young woman was in a paroxysm of shame and frizzes—but she kept her word. The ordeal began at 8:30, with lights turned low, the girl's little brother behind the sofa. When only half over the youngster went to sleep and breathed so hard he frightened the osculation all out of the kissers—and now they have to begin all over again! A woman has to pay her debts, doesn't she, even if she is a "repeater?"

Byron Williams

## IDEAS FOR THE HOSTESS.

"Mother Goose Luncheon" an Enjoyable Party—For a Shower.

A Mother Goose Luncheon. Every once in awhile the request comes for a "Mother Goose" entertainment, and this affair described below is quite out of the ordinary. In the invitations, which had quaint little pen and ink sketches on them of "Mother Goose" in peaked hat and broom, evidently quite ready to "sweep the cobwebs down from the sky," the guests were requested to wear something to indicate a character in the dear old book of nursery rhymes.

The table centerpiece was an enormous "pie" with a ribbon radiating to each plate, where it was attached to a funny little white lambkin. On the place cards most realistic spiders of Japanese manufacture were fastened by a drop of glue.

Each guest was called upon to recite the rhyme she represented when she was correctly guessed. This was the occasion of much merriment. When the dessert course was brought in, the hostess asked all to pull their ribbons, and out of the "pie" came all sorts of birds. They were found at the favor counter and elicited much favorable comment. "There is no telling what can be found until you begin to look," said the indefatigable hostess, who was ever on the alert for something new.

The souvenirs were a joy to the guests, being small Japanese teapots, bearing a card on which was written: "Polly, put the kettle on, and we'll all take tea."

A copy of "Mother Goose for Grown Folks" was the prize to the person who correctly guessed the most characters.

**For a Shower.**  
Will Mrs. Merr kindly suggest some kind of a shower for a September bride, other than a "Kitchen" affair, as that has been provided, and greatly oblige an interested reader of the valuable department which is of much assistance.

**For a Lawn Party.**  
Will you please tell us how to entertain some girl friends about the age of 14, at a lawn party, the hours being from 7:30 to 10 p. m. Something in the way of amusements for the evening which will be simple but amusing. We thought of having Japanese lanterns to decorate the lawn. TWO CURIOUS GIRLS.

Decorate abundantly with lanterns; the refreshments may be served at small tables on the lawn, porch or in the dining-room as is most convenient. There should be music, stringed instruments if possible, as it adds much to the occasion and dancing is always the best amusement. If you can have the grounds sufficiently lighted and it is a nice moonlight night, croquet is a good game; have a match, with prizes for the winners. Archery is also good, and tennis.

MADAME MERRI.

**TO MAKE UP FOULARD.**  
Charming Gown Designed from This Popular Material.

At no time out of fashion, foulard is tremendously popular this summer, and one sees many charming gowns



made from it. Our model is especially good for this material. Use a white ring dotted brown foulard and trim the foot of the skirt with two bands of brown velvet ribbon. This same decoration is used on the jumper blouse, to border the square neck and kimono sleeves. The chemise and undersleeves are embroidered batiste.

**Late Styles in Shoes.**  
Among the becoming shoes which are among late arrivals are a number very pretty for the open-work arrangement over the instep. This open work makes a dainty summer shoe and is very dressy. One three-buttoned slipper has the buttons right down the center of the instep straps. Another shoe is cut with large diamond flaps to accommodate the little buttonholes. The colonial type is in open work and always finished with silver buckles.

## RACK FOR PAPERS

FANCY WORK THAT WILL BEGUILLE VACATION PERIOD.

Any Material, from Linen to Brocade, Suitable for the Work—Makes a Very Pretty and Useful Affair.

Whilst making preparations for vacation one must not forget to have ready a piece of needlework as an occupation for wet days, says a correspondent. I would suggest that a very pretty and useful piece of work would be an embroidered news paper rack. The materials are not costly, and the work is not bulky, so it could be carried about without any difficulty. Any pretty material, from linen to brocade, is perfectly suitable for the purpose, the choice being regulated by the



pure and taste of the worker. The back of the rack should consist of a strong piece of cardboard, about 20 inches long by 12 wide. This must be neatly covered with the material chosen, which it would be useless to embroider, as the work would be completely hidden when the papers were put in. The front, however, can be just as beautifully and elaborately embroidered as the worker pleases. When finished the work is mounted on a piece of cardboard similar to the back, but rather shorter, and sharply rounded off on one side. The two pieces are then sewn together, and the joining concealed by a thick cord sewn all around. A smart bow of ribbon at the top, by which to hang the pocket, and a similar bow at the side, would fitly finish a very pretty and useful affair.

**SWEEPING AND DUSTING.**

A recent medical convention in England has not considered it beneath professional dignity to give housekeepers and maids some general directions when it comes to housecleaning.

Unhygienic ways of sweeping and dusting are unquestionably responsible for many different illnesses, for germs are in dust and dirt. To prevent making a great dust in sweeping use moist sawdust on bare floors. When the room is carpeted, moisten a newspaper and tear it into small scraps and scatter upon the carpet when you begin sweeping.

As you sweep brush the papers along by the broom; they will catch most of the dust and hold it fast, just as the sawdust does on bare floors.

In dusting a room do not use a feather duster, because this does not remove the dust from the room, but only brushes it into the air. Use soft, dry cloths to dust with, and shake them frequently out of the window; or use slightly moistened cloths and rinse them out in water when you have finished.

**Cause of Wrinkles.**  
A person may have hair nearly or quite white, but if the skin is fair and smooth they will look prematurely gray. You do not hear of people being prematurely wrinkled, although many are, yet they are spoken of as looking old. Many young people have a disagreeable habit of scowling and frowning, and as they grow older the creases formed will become fixed. Profound meditation, deep study, worry, and anxiety all cause wrinkles in the upper part of the face. Of course we know a face without any lines would be expressionless, but there is little danger of any effort on our part erasing too many. The skin in youth not only is firm but elastic. Hence the momentary expressions, even if frequently repeated, disappear. In later years the elasticity is lost, and expressions of repeated form permanent folds in the skin.

**The Single Flower in the Corsage.**  
It is to be hoped the bouquet de corsage will not soon become demode, says a writer in Vogue. It is such a perfect finish to one's costume and adds a becomingness that is impossible to achieve by any other means. It is no longer, however, literally a bouquet, but some choice single flower of great beauty, as a rose, an orchid or lily, that is considered chic. The great art lies in making a faultless choice.

**Lingerie Belt Is Artistic.**  
A late arrival from Paris is a belt of borderie Anglaise that fastens with a plain linen buckle. That these are smart and of original aspect there can be no denying, and they promise a dainty waist finish to simple lawn shirts and linen or serge skirts. Hand-embroidered linen again is a notable fancy, this affording ample scope for ingenious individual treatment.



# MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

## DETROIT

August 29, 30, 31  
and Sept. 2, 3, 4,  
5 and 6 :: :: ::



THE 1907 STATE FAIR will be the largest and best ever held in Michigan. There will be double the usual number of exhibits and amusements, hundreds of which are new and were never before shown at any fair. Every building will be filled to its utmost capacity. Every inch of room for exhibits will be taken, and the total number of exhibits will almost double that of any previous year.

The grounds will be open every evening. There will be something doing every minute. Every known convenience has been installed at a great expense for the comfort of the people who will attend this great exhibition.

The live stock and poultry exhibits will be equal to that shown at any fair in the United States. The best stock in the State and a number of show animals from other States will be shown. One of the interesting features will be the live stock parade, in which all prize winners will take part.

The fruit exhibit promises to be one of the best ever shown, many of the more prominent fruit growing counties have arranged to make special county exhibits.

Every available inch of space in the Machinery Section has been taken, and many new machines and devices never before shown, will be seen at the State Fair.

The vehicle exhibit will be larger than ever. The race programme covers a period of six days and the purses total \$9,600, as follows:

Saturday, Aug. 31st		Wednesday, Sept. 4th	
Fees for All Race.....	\$500	2:13 Pace.....	\$500
2:25 Pace.....	500	2:26 Pace.....	500
2:30 Trot.....	500	2:22 Trot.....	500
3-year-old stake for Trotters.....	500		
Monday, Sept. 2nd		Thursday, Sept. 5th	
2:10 Pace.....	\$500	2:08 Pace.....	\$500
2:19 Trot.....	500	2:15 Trot.....	500
2:18 Pace.....	500	2:20 Pace.....	500
Tuesday, Sept. 3rd		Friday, Sept. 6th	
2:30 Pace.....	\$500	2:35 Pace.....	\$500
2:12 Trot.....	500	2:35 Trot.....	500
2:16 Pace.....	500	2:25 Trot.....	500
2-year-old stake for Trotters.....	300		

There will be a number of interesting free attractions in front of the Grand Stand every day.

The "Wanderlust" will fairly bulge with good, clean attractions, such as animal shows, ostrich farm, theatres, Ferris wheel, merry-go-round and a score or more of clean attractions which have withstood the test given by Manager Floyd to entitle them to a place in that section.

No gambling, fakes or "Skin" games will be allowed on the grounds.

There will be plenty of places to eat, sleep, drink and rest. Come to the State Fair at Detroit. Meet your friends here. You cannot afford to stay away. A good time and a fountain of valuable knowledge will be yours if you come.

Reduced rates on all railroads. Arrange now for this trip. You owe yourself this vacation where you can combine knowledge-getting with pleasure.

We urge you all to come.  
FRED. POSTAL, Pres. I. H. BUTTERFIELD, Secy.  
A. J. DOHERTY, Gen'l Supt.  
CHAS. A. FLOYD, Bus. Mgr.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

J. D. Crosby is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

A number from here attended the campmeeting at Elkton Sunday.

Harry and Miss Blanche Coffron of Flint were the guests of Miss Violet Eno last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark of Detroit are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Maxwell this week.

A special meeting of the board of supervisors will be held at Caro, commencing on Monday, Aug. 26.

W. T. Schenck is improving the appearance of his residence on west Main street with a coat of paint.

Miss Belle Schell left Thursday morning for a few days' visit with her friend, Miss Mary Thompson, at Saginaw.

Miss Edith Allen has returned to Cass City after spending five weeks visiting with friends at Clifford, Marlette and other places.

Miss S. Lilah Tanner of Bay Port is visiting with friends in town and attended the reunion of the graduating class of 1905 on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas Cross returned home Monday evening from Detroit where she has been visiting friends and relatives for the past month.

The Misses Cora and Celestia Weldon of Kingston were the guests at the home of their brother, Wm. Weldon, several days last week.

Miss Mary Zinnecker returned home on Sunday from Argyle where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. D. Striffler, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Steers and little daughter of Detroit are guests at the home of Mrs. Steers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. H. Mattoon, north of town.

Frank Striffler of Deford and the Misses Pearl Gooden and Anna Stickles of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Reagh and other friends.

Miss Mary McPhee of Paris, Texas, arrived here last Thursday noon for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Mary McPhee, and other relatives and friends.

Miss Stella VanStone, who has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dorman the past three weeks, returned to her home in Marlette today.

Remember that regular services are held at the Baptist church every Sunday. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor, and all are cordially invited.

Mrs. M. W. Fuller of Bancroft and Mrs. Ella Fuller of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been the guests of their brother, Rev. H. W. Clough, and family, returned home on Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church will serve supper in the church dining room next Wednesday afternoon, August 28. All are invited.

The Eastern Starr will hold a special meeting on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3, when the children of the members of the order will be entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ballard and little son, Charles, and Mrs. C. W. Ballard of North Branch were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Crosby the first of the week.

Mrs. S. Bennett and children, who have been the guests of relatives and friends here, have gone to Bad Axe to visit friends before returning to their home in Detroit.

The receipts from the ice cream social given by the young ladies of the Catholic church last Saturday afternoon and evening were very satisfactory, the amount being \$23.00.

Miss Etta Schenck has gone to Owosso, where she will be the guest of Miss Jessie McKenney for a short time. She expects to visit friends in Detroit before returning home.

John Marshall of Hillside Stock Farm, has had over six hundred feet of lightning rods put up on his barns and dwelling. Henry Wettlaufer did the work in a satisfactory manner.

Morley Wickware, cashier at the Cass City Bank, has resumed his duties after a vacation. Harley Keating, who is also employed at the same institution, is now enjoying a vacation.

Miss Bertha Zinnecker has been confined to the house the past week with a sprained ankle, caused by falling down stairs in the City block. She is improving, but as yet is unable to walk.

Miss Edith Mead, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. W. Rogers, at Marine City for some time, returned home last Saturday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Rogers and little son.

Pigeon and Cass City will cross bats at the fairgrounds here Monday and an interesting and warmly contested game is expected. The game is called at 3:30 p. m. Attend the game and cheer the local team to victory.

Dr. Green of Grand Rapids was calling on old acquaintances in town the first of the week. He is a brother of Dr. Green, who was located at Cass City some twenty-five years ago, and he was also a resident here for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Pearson of Urban, accompanied by Miss Emma Cowell of Uby and Mrs. Roy Pearson of Port Huron visited in Cass City Sunday. Miss Etta Mark accompanied them home.

Roy McKenzie, who has been the guest of relatives here the past two weeks, left Thursday morning for Detroit to visit friends a few days before returning to Lansing, where he has employment.

Miss Etta Keating, accompanied by her brother, Harley, spent Saturday with their aunt, Mrs. Wm. Fulton, at Popple and on Sunday they went to Elkton where they spent the day with Mrs. Harriett Dew.

Quarterly meeting services will be held at the M. E. church next Sunday. Love feast at 9:30 o'clock in the morning. Preaching service at the usual hour, 10:30, followed by sacrament. In the evening the sermon will be on the life of St. Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Allin of Sandusky were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lee several days last week. They returned home on Sunday and were accompanied as far as Argyle by Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Lee and Mr. and Mrs. Hersey Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay of West Branch, Mrs. William Day of Canton, Ohio, Miss Nell McKay of Lansing, and Miss Anna Montague of Caro were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Auten last Friday. They made the trip from Caro by auto.

S. E. Padfield, the superintendent of the electric light and waterworks plant, arrived here last Thursday and is now busily engaged in his new work. During the past five years he has held a similar position in St. Clair and comes with the best of recommendations. Mrs. Padfield expects to visit her husband here next week.

Some "mench" with a depraved nature took a beautiful plant from Elkland cemetery recently which had been placed by a lady in town on the grave of a relative. This is not the first instance of devilry shown in this manner as similar instances have been reported. Should the miscreant be caught, he should be taught a lesson that will not be soon forgotten.

W. A. Anderson has been making extensive improvements in the second story of his business block on Main street east and it is now being used as a lodge and society hall. Besides the hall, there are two small rooms, one of which may be used as a dining room and the other as a kitchen. Three societies are now holding their meetings in the hall. They are the Ladies Orange Lodge, the Socialist Club and the Royal Neighbors.

Mrs. Thos. Henderson entertained a number of her lady friends at her home last Friday afternoon and evening. The guests were entertained in a novel manner by making dolls from potatoes and hair pins and dressing them with paper napkins. Mrs. M. L. Moore won first prize for making the "prettiest" doll and Mrs. G. A. Striffler won second prize. A very jolly afternoon was spent by all present.

A very pleasant time was spent by a company of friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Profit, Jr., Monday evening, the occasion being the celebration of Mr. Profit's birthday. Lunch was served. Phonograph music furnished entertainment for the evening. Many beautiful presents were received by the host. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Charter, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Macauley, Frank Macauley, Miss Kate Thompson, Mrs. J. D. Schenck and Mrs. S. Patterson of Sault Ste. Marie and Mrs. D. T. Knight of Marlette.

What might have been a serious accident occurred at the farm of W. O. Root, one and one-half miles west of town, last Saturday. Joseph Goodwin, Delbert Baucus and W. O. Root were shingling the roof of the house when the scaffold gave way and the men fell to the ground. Mr. Root was sent seriously injured, sustaining three fractured ribs. The other two men were badly bruised.

Residents of Rescue were treated to a driving exhibition Sunday morning when four young Cass Cityites were driving back and forth on the road in search of a coat which had been lost from their rig. After searching for some time, the article was found hanging on a fence post and after recovering it, they proceeded on their journey to Elkton. Before the return trip was completed, a sweater was missing and diligent search failed to locate it. The misfortunes of the party have been advertised quite extensively and two of the number have been reminded of the event quite frequently since its occurrence.

**More locals on fourth page.**  
**Teacher Wanted.**  
School Dist. No. 6, Novesta, wants to hire a good teacher for the coming school year which will begin about the middle of September. A teacher with experience and who holds a second grade certificate preferred. Enquire of  
Robert Brown, Director  
Louis Wheeler, Assessor  
George Young, Moderator.



## Better Than Usual

in quality. The Fitwell Clothing is equal to tailor made and

Saves you 25%

Shoes for Men, Women and Children

that can't be matched elsewhere for price and quality. We want your business. You want our goods because we can save you \$ \$ \$.



## THE MODEL

Clothing and Shoe Co.  
Cass City.

### For 10 Days, Beginning Saturday, August 24, 1907.

3 pkgs. Cream Crisp (with spoon)	25c
3 pkgs. Pioneer Wheat Flakes for	25c
Pioneer Raisins per lb	12c
Pioneer Currants per lb	10c
Plyandotte Soda per lb	3c
12 Bars Oxford Soap	25c
10c Can Calumet Baking Powder for	8c
15c " " " " " "	12c
25c " " " " " "	20c
10c " I. C. " " " "	8c
15c " " " " " "	12c
25c " " " " " "	20c
50c Japan Tea for	40c
40c Japan Tea for	35c
Corn Starch per lb	6c
4 lbs Crackers	25c
Good Bulk Coffee per lb	10c
Cider Vinegar per gallon	16c

J. CORNELIUS, Cass City, Michigan.  
Highest Market Price Paid for Butter and Eggs.

### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Council Rooms, Cass City, Mich., Aug. 19, 1907.

Regular meeting of the council called to order by President Corkins. The following trustees were present: Clarke, Wilsey, Hall, Caldwell and Benkelman.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read and referred to the committee on claims and accounts:

Wm. Ball, labor.....	\$ 27 00
Peter McVannell, labor.....	12 00
Chas. Warn, labor.....	10 50
Henry Ball, labor.....	6 75
Jas. Oathout, labor.....	21 12
Elmer Smith, labor.....	10 50
Jas. Bruce, labor.....	17 50
Jos. Bulkwell, labor.....	19 00
Frank Hutchinson, labor.....	3 00
E. A. McGeorge, cement.....	185 00
Alex Vase, labor.....	50 10
Anna Zinnecker, salary.....	5 00
Seeger & Brian, filling and grout.....	05 55
Bertha Zinnecker, salary.....	10 00
Merle Gale, salary.....	5 00
Ed Kissance, draying.....	30 00
Peter McVannell, labor.....	6 00
H. Williams, labor.....	24 13
A. D. Gillies, labor.....	28 88
Thos. Boyd, labor.....	29 75
J. C. Corkins, telephoning and postage.....	1 03
Elmer Darling, labor.....	1 05
A. L. Johnson, solleting telephone.....	6 50
W. C. Dickinson, draying.....	15 95
Standard Oil Company, Inv. 8-3.....	16 45
Inling Bros. & Everard, book for proceedings.....	4 20
F. R. Smithson, freight and cartage.....	7 80

The committee reported favorably on all bills as read. Moved by Caldwell, seconded by Benkelman, that the report of the committee be accepted and orders drawn on the treasurer for the several amounts. Carried.

The following bills for cement sidewalks were read:  
David Hutchinson..... \$3 36  
O. K. James..... 29 70  
Phillip Mark..... 22 00  
J. C. Corkins..... 25 00  
Warren T. Schenck..... 33 00  
Angus McGilvray..... 14 85  
James Eno..... 14 85  
Chas. Robinson..... 13 20

The clerk was instructed to turn the bills over to the treasurer for collection. Moved by Wilsey, seconded by Clarke, that the village treasurer be granted an extension of thirty days for the collection of taxes and allowed four per cent fees for collecting same after Aug. 20. Motion carried.

A petition signed by E. W. Keating and seven other taxpayers for the construction of a cement sidewalk on the north side of Garfield avenue from West street to Vulcan street was read. Moved by Clarke, seconded by Wilsey, that the petition be referred to the committee on streets and sidewalks. Carried.

A petition signed by Agar Bros. and four other taxpayers for the construction of a sidewalk on the east side of Leach street, between Sanilac and

Main streets, was read. On motion of Clarke, seconded by Caldwell, the petition was granted.

An application for water supply by A. L. Johnson was read. Moved by Caldwell, seconded by Wilsey, that the application be laid on the table until the next meeting of the council. Carried.

Moved by Wilsey, seconded by Clarke, that the village council contract with the Cass City Grain Co. for one carload of Alpena cement at \$1.70 a barrel. Motion carried.

On motion of Wilsey, seconded by Benkelman, council adjourned.

H. F. LENZNER, Clerk.

### Card of Thanks.

We, the undersigned, wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who showed sympathy and kindness during the bereavement of our brother and uncle.

JOHN F. COPLAND AND FAMILY  
AND ROBT. C. ROGERSON.

## THE Exchange Bank

E. H. PINNEY & SON.  
Capital and Surplus,  
Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Pay 4 per cent interest on time Certificates of Deposit. Loans made on Real Estate Mortgages and approved notes, at the most reasonable rates.

Notes taken for collection. Drafts sold on all parts of the world.

### P. O. & N. EXCURSION TO PONTIAC

Sunday, August 25, 1907.

Train leaves Cass City at 7:00 a. m. Round trip fare \$1.00.

## A Penny Saved

Is as good as a penny earned.

Note Prices Good at our Store until

September 1

Granulated Sugar, per lb.....	5c
Granulated Sugar, 25 lb. sacks H & E.....	\$1.35
Pillsbury's Best Flour, ½ bbl.....	72c
Rolled Oats, 8 lbs. for.....	25c
Jackson Soap, 8 bars for.....	25c
Palo Soap, 12 bars for.....	25c
Jergen's Toilet Soap, 8 cakes for.....	25c
Casmo Buttermilk Soap, 3 cakes for.....	18c
Crackers, 4 lbs. for.....	25c
Town Talk Tobacco, 4 plugs for.....	30c
Blue Ribbon Raisins.....	12c
Excelsior Currants.....	10c
Arm and Hammer Soda.....	5c
Chloride of Lime, per lb.....	10c
Searchlight Matches, 12 boxes (6000).....	40c
Breakfast Foods, 15c kind, 2 for.....	25c
Breakfast Foods, 10c kind, 3 for.....	25c
Bulk Starch, 7 lbs. for.....	25c
White House Coffee, per lb.....	30c
Our celebrated Continental coffee, per lb.....	20c
Dust Tea, the best kind, 2 lbs. for.....	25c

We pay 16c for eggs, 19c for butter. Enough said; make hay while the sun shines.

## WILSEY & GATHCART.

### WILMOT.

Mrs. Fifer is some better. Miss Dora Kitley is visiting at Yale. Charlie McCartney is gaining slowly. Miss Bessie Hartt is visiting her sister in Pontiac.

Miss Allie Hartt has returned from a three weeks' visit in Pontiac. A light rain fell Monday night but we could stand oh! so much more.

Miss Fay Putman is assisting Mrs. Wm. Moulton with her house work. Miss Lettie Hartt and brother, Stanley, are visiting relatives at Marlette.

The L. A. S. of Wilmot met with Mrs. G. Clemmans for dinner Wednesday.

R. Clark and family of Dayton visited the former's niece, Mrs. Wm. Penfold, Sunday. Mrs. Moulton and son, Orley, left

### Wednesday for Detroit where they will visit for several days.

Mrs. C. Hawkins was called to Deckerville last week by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. E. Green.

The community was shocked to hear the sad news of the drowning of Rev. Harding's only brother, and all sympathize with him in his sorrow.

### UNIONVILLE.

Mrs. Geo. Goff is in Saginaw this week on business. Edwin Luther attended the county normal last week.

Roy Jacklin of Lansing is spending a week visiting friends and school mates.

Miss Olive Buhl of Lansing visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Buhl, last Sunday.

Martin Jensen and wife are arranging to move to town. They intend to buy a residence.